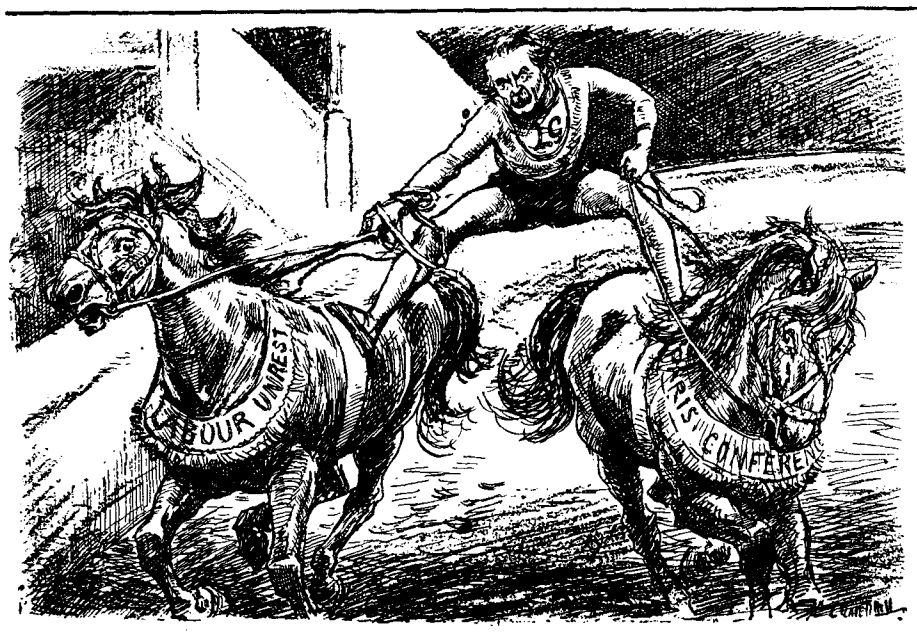
Richmond Pub. Lib.

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1933 — NUMBER 45



FROM "LLOYD GEORGE," BY MR. PUNCH (Stokes)

Season between Seasons

BEFORE Winter has turned to Spring, there are days, clear and slightly warm, that might be days out of mid-November. A being dropped into them from Mars, having only a book knowledge of our solstices and equinoxes, would find himself hopelessly confused. Similarly with literature, in which the seasons between seasons give no immediate inkling of direction, of growing points, of possibilities. What looks like birth may very well be death, and vice versa. American fiction, at the moment, is at one of these pausing times. The air is warm and clear, but it is deceptive. Have we no more than a rare sunny day in November, or is it premonition of Spring?

Surely, the young novelists should know. But if you ask them, they don't know. What with rumors of wars and the whip of economic necessity, one of them remarked recently that he felt as if he were living under a sentence of death, along with his whole generation. Another one, gone proletarian in his conscious theory, has complained that his work always turns out to be bourgeois—and therefore he cannot honestly do work. Yet the novelist who feels he is under sentence of death possesses technique of a high order, an historical knowledge of the novel's possibilities gained from a precocious study of every problem that ever titillated the intellect of Henry James, and an abiding interest in people. His trouble is that he doesn't know his destination: whether it is to be a December or an April novelist.

It so happens that the two streams which have fed American fiction in this century have chosen the same moment to dry away. The sociological novel—the novel of argument, which was exciting, if not very good, when Ernest Poole, Floyd Dell, and Upton Sinclair were at their best—is still practised, but, as Sinclair Lewis's "Ann Vickers" shows, it has become spotty. Whatever the failure of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," there was no mistaking its intention. The trouble with "Ann Vickers," by contrast, is a failure of passion: Lewis doesn't know where he stands in relation to his central character, and the book tends to break into bits. The long satirical passage on liberalism is good fun, especially to one who has sat through turbid meetings and attended windy literary parties, but one feels it is not the

(*Continued on page* 616)

Lloyd George and Others

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THIS is a selection of essays, most of which have been printed in one place or another. The first and shorter part of the book is a group of estimates of men in public life whom Keynes knew. The second part, which has more unity, deals with a series of notable economists. There are a few essays that are not biographical; if a binder had been putting together reprints he might have labelled it, "Miscellany by Keynes, chiefly Biographical." Yet there are few parts of that miscellany that the reader would skip.

Mr. Keynes's estimate of Lloyd George is the one that will be most widely read. It was written in the summer of 1919 after Keynes had resigned as Treasury representative at the Peace Conference, and was withheld from his "Economic Consequences of the Peace" out of loyalty to the man with whom he had worked, and who at the beginning of the war called the Cambridge don to his side, from the slopes of a Welsh mountain. Keynes now publishes his sketch with compunction, but believing that these are matters that belong to history.

Lloyd George at the Peace Conference was the *femme fatale*, the Welsh witch, the female element in the triangular intrigue—"this syren, this goat-footed bard, this half-human visitor from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity." Keynes has never forgotten what happened at Paris, and his language becomes unlike that of economists, when he thinks of Lloyd George.

> One catches in his company that flavor of final purposelessness, inner irresponsibility, existence outside or away from our Saxon good and evil, mixed with cunning, remorselessness, love of power, that lend fascination, enthralment, and terror to the fair-seeming magicians of North European folklore. Prince Wilson sailing out from the West in his barque *George Washington* sets foot in the enchanted castle of Paris to free from chains and oppression and an ancient curse the maid Europe, of eternal youth and beauty, his mother and bride in one. There in the Castle is the King with yellow parchment face, a million years old, and with him an enchantress with a harp singing in the Prince's own words to a magical tune. If only the Prince could cast off the paralysis which creeps on him and, cry-

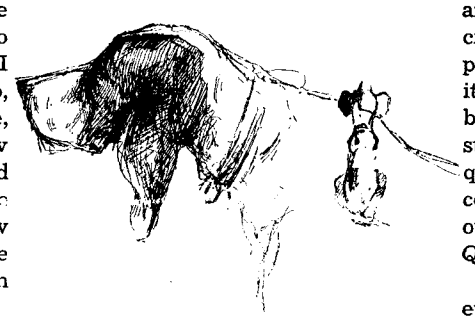
(*Continued on page* 616)

Romanticist Under the Skin

By ERNEST PEIXOTTO

THOUGH thirty years have elapsed since his death, the place of Frank Norris, in the field of American letters, remains assured. The precursor, the forerunner, as he was, of the now firmly entrenched American school of realism, he, perhaps more than any one else, set the pace for the much discussed group of writers, whose work is so loudly acclaimed or so sharply criticized, according to the tastes and standards of the reader. But it has always seemed to me that Frank Norris, despite his very evident realistic tendencies, his exhaustive compilations of facts, his Zolaesque methods, betrays, beneath all this outer skin of realism, the romantic spirit that colored all his early life and his earliest works, and therein lies the basic difference between him and some of his most brilliant successors.

His start in life, for a man of his subsequent achievement, was strange enough, and, as it is so little known, I am glad to be able to tell of it. I feel qualified to do so, for, in his early life, I was one of his few intimate friends and his life at that time and again a very few years later, was quite closely interwoven with my own.



When first I knew him, Frank Norris was a tall, good-looking lad of seventeen, studying art, as I was, in the Art School in San Francisco. For again it is not generally known that, before he began to write, he set out seriously to become a painter. During these early student days, his particular interest seemed to center in the study of animals, and the drawing of a dog's head, here reproduced, shows that he had already mastered a fairly good pen and ink technique and knew his animals well. We often went together, he and I, out to the Presidio Reservation, and there, in the cavalry barracks, we used to sit by the hour, and sketch the heads and rumps, the knee joints, and flexible fetlocks of the restless horses.

He had been brought up in a family circle that was distinctly well-to-do, if not indeed wealthy, and his home, at that time, was a large "double" house with spacious, comfortable rooms, in a then fashionable neighborhood, on Sacramento Street near Van Ness Avenue. His mother, who presided over it, was a stately lady of commanding presence with a crown of white hair curled high upon her head in the fashion of the day. Of literary propensities, she played a prominent part in the local Browning Club and other artistic activities of the city. His father was a business man of whom I saw but little and his younger brother, Charles (who was, later, also to become a well-known novelist), was then but a boy of six.

In 1888, it was decided than Frank was to continue his art studies abroad and his parents took him to Paris. The family remained about a year and then left Frank ensconced in a French family in a large, rather bourgeois apartment house that still stands on the Left Bank, near the river at the corner of the Rue de Lille and the Rue des Saints-Pères.

By that time, I had followed him to Paris and, during the winter that ensued, we saw much of each other, both in the Académie Julian, where we both were studying, and out of it. He became violently interested in medieval armor, and we used to go together to the Artillery Museum in the Hôtel des Invalides and gloat over the glorious coats-of-mail there displayed. We studied the beautifully chased arms and armor; we hefted the jousting helmets to test their weight; we sketched the lances and bucklers and corselets and the Italian suits-of-mail, as well as the rich trappings of the horses.

Indeed he became so interested in all this, that he started to paint a huge historical picture of the "Battle of Crécy"! The preliminary sketches were made and he even "drew in" the large canvas that took up one entire end of his *pension* room. But one evening, when a friend, Guy Rose, and I called upon him, he told us that he was thoroughly discouraged and had definitely decided to give up the picture, and to prove it, he offered us the big canvas and stretcher, a precious quarry indeed for a couple of impecunious young Latin Quarter students.

The canvas, however, was so big that it could not be taken down the stairs, so we had to lower it out of his window down into the courtyard beneath. It was a blustery winter's night with a high wind blowing, and Rose and I, at each end of the great canvas, were swept back and forth around the corners and across the streets, like a ship at sea, reeling home, as best we could, with our prey. And that was the end of the "Battle of Crécy"!

Its abandonment was symptomatic of Norris's general attitude toward his work and, soon after, he decided to go home. When I returned to California the following year, I found, much to my surprise,

This Week

REFLECTION
A poem by WITTER BYNNER

HISTORY OF THE ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS OF MODERN EUROPE
By FREDERICK L. NUSSBAUM
Reviewed by Lawrence Dennis

STORM BEACH
By VIRGINIA HERSCH
Reviewed by Charles McD. Puckette

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: V
By Christopher Morley

IN PLACE OF PROFIT
By HARRY F. WARD
Reviewed by William H. Chamberlin

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA
By MARGARET G. MAYORGA
Reviewed by Arthur H. Quinn

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY
Edited by C. W. PREVITÉ-ORSON
Reviewed by James Westfall Thompson

Next Week, or Later

TALES OF ANGRIA
By CHARLOTTE BRONTË
Reviewed by E. F. Benson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he had given up painting, was attending the University of California, and had begun to write.

His first story, "The Jongleur of Taillebois," which I, by the way, had the honor to illustrate (one of my very first commissions), appeared in the Christmas number of the *Wave*, a local weekly, in 1891. As its name implies, it was a medieval tale still replete with echoes of what he had seen in France, and, early in the next year, he published (or, rather, his mid-Victorian mother proudly had published for him) a long, romantic poem, à la Walter Scott, called "Yvernelle," a privately printed volume, richly bound in white and gold and illustrated by some of the leading painters of the day: Dielman, Shirlaw, Church, Will Low, and others.

It is now a rather rare literary curiosity, I am told, and I have still in my possession one of the few copies extant autographed by the author, dedicated "à mon ami," etc., recalling the days in Paris. So, of course, does the poem itself, filled as it is with pictures of knights in armor and scenes of medieval chivalry, as witness the following excerpt from Sir Caverlaye's ride that gives a notion of the lilt and meter of the poem:

Cast off his sword, his helm, and targe,
Unlaced his haubert and his gorge,
Threw off each tasset, cuissott, greave,
Naught weighty on his limbs did leave.

But it must be remembered that Frank Norris was still a student at Berkeley, writing and making illustrations too, for *Blue and Gold*, the college paper, of which he was one of the editors. At the end of his few years there he went to Harvard and had a rather thrilling year with Professor Gates, who at once recognized his literary ability and gave him his first real encouragement. Under this stimulus, he began work on "McTeague," which, later on, when it was published, he dedicated to "L. E. Gates of Harvard University."

Back in San Francisco again, thanks to the perspicacity and literary discernment of John O'Hara Cosgrave, then editor of the *Wave*, Norris became assistant editor of that periodical and his contributions to it have recently (1931) been collected and published in book form. They consisted of essays on various topics and stories that gradually evolved from the romantic vein of his first works to tales of adventure and bits of realism that he picked up, with reportorial precision, in Chinatown, along the picturesque waterfront, which always fascinated him, and in the old Latin Quarter of San Francisco. His restless spirit of adventure, however, was always seeking new outlets and took him at this time to South Africa where he fell into the Uitlander insurrection.

On his return to California, he became acquainted, on the cliffs overhanging the Presidio, with an old sea-dog (a "buccaneer" he called him), whose salty talk and jargon of the sea, delighted him, and to him he dedicated his first published book, "Moran of the Lady Letty," a rattling good tale of adventure off the California Coast.

This story was being printed serially in the *Wave*, when it attracted the attention of an Eastern publisher and Norris was invited to come to New York and read for the house of Doubleday & McClure. This offer he gladly accepted.

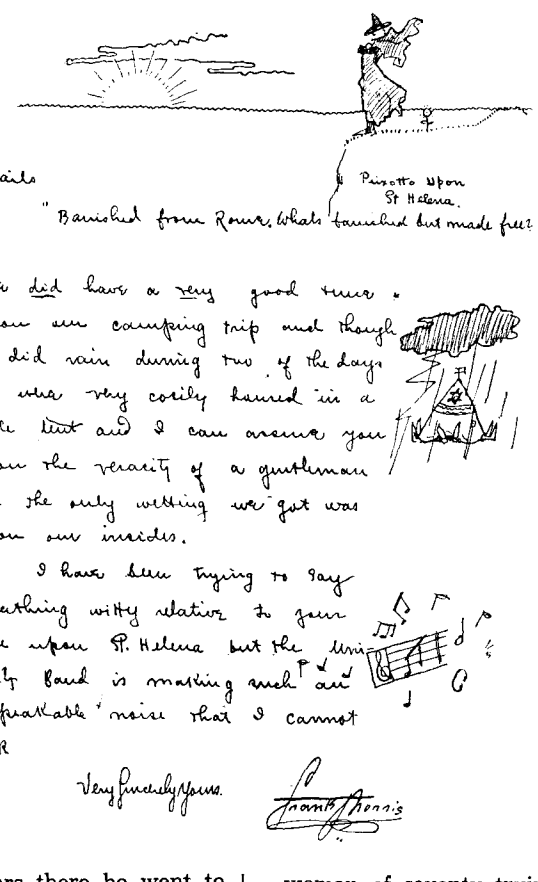
He had been in New York but a few months, however, when the Spanish-American War broke out, and again his restless spirit got the better of him and he managed to be sent to Cuba as a war correspondent. In many ways, it is too bad that he did so, for his experience there left him broken in health and sick at heart, as is evident from the following graphic excerpts from a letter he wrote me soon after his return:

10 West 33rd St., New York.

My dear Ernest:

I had your very kind little note day before yesterday and would have replied sooner were it not that I've been down with fever ever since leaving Santiago. The thing got a twist on me somewhere between Daiquiri and San Juan and laid me out as soon as we got inside the city. . . .

I am very much tempted to accept your invitation to Chadd's Ford, and very probably would do so if I did not think there was a chance for me to go to San Francisco for three or four weeks. I need a rest very badly and a bit of a change for awhile and a good opportunity to forget a good many things I had to see during the war. Now that I can stand off and, as it were, get a perspective of the last three months, the whole business seems nothing but a hideous blur of mud and blood.


Exiles
Napoleon upon St Helena.
"Banished from Rome: What's banishment but made free?"
We did have a very good time upon our camping trip and though it did rain during two of the days we were very cosily housed in a little tent and I can assure you upon the veracity of a gentleman that the only wetting we got was upon our insides.
I have been trying to say something witty relative to your exile upon St. Helena but the unfriendly band is making such an unspeakable noise that I cannot think
Very sincerely yours.
Frank Norris

There is precious little glory in war, if the Santiago campaign is a sample, and when you try to recall the campaign, it's only the horrors and the hardships and nothing of the finer side. I have made a roof for myself to sleep under, out of boards that were one glaze of dried blood, though I didn't find it out till morning. I have seen men who were shot in the throat, stretched out under the sun at the Division hospital who had been forty-eight hours without water, food, sleep, shelter, or medical attendance. I have seen a woman of seventy trying to carry on her back another of ninety-two and at Caney I was the first to discover in one of the abandoned houses, the body of a little girl—Ernest, I don't believe she was fifteen—who had been raped and then knifed to death just before the beginning of the battle.

I want to get these things out of my mind and the fever out of my blood and so if my luck holds, I am going back to the old place for three weeks and for the biggest part of the time I hope to wallow and grovel in the longest grass I can find in the Presidio Reservation on the cliffs overlooking the Ocean and absorb ozone and smell smells that *don't* come from rotting and scorched vegetation, dead horses, and bad water. . . .

He did go out to the cliffs over the Presidio but he was never able to get the fever out of his blood, those treacherous malarial fevers that recurred from time to time and had, I have always thought, a direct bearing upon his untimely end.

During his stay in California, he finished "McTeague" and wrote "Blix," the latter somewhat autobiographic, its final chapter being a fairly accurate account of his own romance that culminated, in the following year, in his marriage to Jeannette Black.

But it was "McTeague" that definitely stamped him for what he was and in it he struck his great gait. Always an admirer of Zola and his methods, he once and for all made up his mind that, in this school of realism, lay his own true means of expression. So, priming himself with all the facts and collecting a mass of infinite detail, he set out to classify this material and build his story about it.

I well remember McTeague's Dental Parlors on Polk Street over a branch Post Office and just around the corner from Frank Norris's own home. Hanging out of the window was the "huge gilded tooth, a molar with enormous prongs, something gorgeous and attractive," just as he describes it. The book was a daring effort for its time, was much discussed, was praised, but was also much critized, and his publishers felt constrained to print the following sort of apologia, symptomatic of its time, at the end of the first edition:

> It may as well be stated at the outset that this is a harsh, almost brutal, story. It deals with a class of people who are beyond question "common," and the author is far too conscientious an artist not to depict them as they really are.

During the winter that followed its publication, we were much together, living in adjoining houses in South Washington Square, me in Number 62, he in Number 61. Being on the same floor, we could rap on the brick wall that separated us and, by sticking our heads out of the window, talk to each other and make rendezvous. Naturally a proud man, he would no longer accept a cent from his mother's purse and was living, very stintingly indeed, uniquely upon his meager editorial salary.

FRANK NORRIS

He made few friends and went out very little, though his personality would quickly have gathered about him a host of people, for he was strikingly handsome and attractive. Tall and slender, he was always carefully dressed, and his abundant hair, at the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight, had prematurely turned quite white, adding greatly to the distinction of his appearance.

Well do I remember at this time, one winter's evening when our doorbell rang violently, and, mounting the stairs two steps at a time, he burst into our room in a perfect fever of excitement, exclaiming "I've got it; I've got it. A trilogy. Three books, one after the other. 'Wheat. Wheat. Wheat.'"

This was the inception of his idea to write a trilogy of "Wheat" and this was the big task that he now set himself—his magnum opus:—first, "The Octopus," the growing of wheat in California and the grasp of the railroads; then "The Pit," depicting the manipulations of the Chicago wheat pit, and finally the third of the series (alas, never written), to follow the marketing of wheat throughout the world.

In the following spring, we sailed for Europe, my wife and I, to be gone, as it afterward proved, some years.

So it seems to me that I can not do better here than to quote, almost *in extenso*, two letters that he wrote us at this time, one upon the eve of our sailing and the other a little later. Neither has ever before been published and they are couched in such characteristic language that they give, better than any account that I could devise, a most graphic picture, not only of him and his doings and aspirations, but of his exuberant temperament that rose to bursts of enthusiasm one moment, only to nosedive into despair the next.

The first was written from San Francisco and was dated Sunday, May 7, 1899.

My dear Oleman and Mrs. Billy Magee:

I wanted to write you aboard the steamer to say bon voyage but of course I have forgotten the boat's name, though you told me often enough . . . It's a wonder I don't forget me own name these days I'm having such a bully good time. Feel just as if I were out of doors playing after being in school for years. Jeannette and I spent the whole afternoon yesterday on the waterfront among the ships (*on* and all over *one* of them) came back and had tea and pickled ginger on the balcony of our own particular Chinese restaurant over the Plaza and wound up by dining at Luna's Mexican restaurant "over in the Quarter." . . .

The Wheat Stuff is piling up B.I.G. Everybody is willing to help and McT. is soon to be perpetrated in England. I suppose that by the time I get your answer to this you both will be playing out of doors yourselves and having *your* own particular good time. I don't dare think of going back to Washington Square with you people away. New York can *never* be a *very* lovely place for me but New York minus Mr. & Mrs. Billymagee,—well we won't think about that just yet. I may be longer than I expected. Mebbee till late in the fall, and I donno why I should not write my immortal worruk at a wheat-ranch anyhow. I think it will come to that.

Had two long letters from Frank [Gelett] Burgess the other day apropos of Blix and the Dentist—both very encouraging. Do you expect to see him? If you do, tell him I'm full of ginger and red pepper and am getting ready to stand up on my hind legs and yell *big*. . . .

I have seen Hodgson—my bucanneer [*sic*] chap, and I've gone (naturally not alone) out to the Presidio Reservation, and sat down and wallowed in the grass on just the spot I told you about and done everything just as I had planned we should and I'm just having the best time that ever was—voilà tout. . . .

Goodbye, when will we all be together again, and will I ever forget how much you both helped to make this hard winter of 98-99 easy for me. What I should have done without you I honestly don't know, because there were times when the whole thing was something of a grind and it didn't seem worth while to go on at all. Well, somehow one does pull through—with such help as yours. . . . I'm not good at saying the things that would be appropriate here, but please consider them said and believe me when I tell you that I owe you both more than I can ever express.

Goodbye—or au revoir—whichever it is to be.

This letter was never signed and its last sentence has always seemed to me strangely prophetic, for, though we both were under thirty, I never saw him again.

The second letter was written early in the following year, and reads as follows:

Sunday morning
Feb. 16.

My dear Billymagee & Mollypeixotto:

I don't know how much of this is old news to you by now, but if you have heard anything about anything before, you can consider this as "official." I'm ashamed of myself that I have not written you in all this long time, but never mind. I guess we are all good friends enough to write each other how and when and where we jolly well please.

The fact of the matter is that Jeannette and I were married here in New York very quietly last Monday. I do hope you have not heard before because I want to surprise you. It don't seem quite real yet, but there's a good long time to find it out in. It sure does seem strange to remember last winter and to think how very far away it looked then. Remember all the thousand and one times I used to come in to see you of an evening? I knew perfectly well I was terribly under foot at times but it was so bully good of you to let me come.

Fancy, Jeannette and I are in your old rooms at the Anglesea and we are having a *rather* good time of it. Wish you people could be here. When are you coming back? Write "us" all about it and yourselves and how you have been doing. As for me, on fait son petit chemin tout doucement. Though you might have gathered that from the fact that I can afford to be married.

The books have done fairly well this year. Well enough so that we have quite a bit ahead in case of emergency, wh. is bully. McTeague is in his twelfth thousand—ain't it gloryhallelujah—though a good part of that is a paper edition,—and the last book wh was published on the third, sold out its first edition before publication date. Hear me toot my toot—but I shall expect you and *want* you to toot yours loud and long.

The letter continues to recount a number of personal matters and concludes:

Reflection

By WITTER BYNNER

The older we grow
The less we know
And the longer we live
The less we forgive.
This being wrong,
No one lives long.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I could go on writing things, now that I am started, till the cows come home. Instead it is appropriate to go out to dine. Goodbye until next time and be sure to write early and often.

Yrs frever
Frank Norris.

Only two years later, his brilliant career was ended, cut short while he was in San Francisco again, where he was seized by an acute attack of appendicitis, was operated upon, and died a few days later at the age of thirty-two.

Such, in brief, is Frank Norris's story as I knew it,—a gallant life, if ever there was one, so full of promise and so full of achievement, especially when one stops to consider that, in the short span of four years between 1898 and 1902, he was wafted on the wings of fame from an assistant editorship on a California weekly to front rank among American novelists.

He was always writing of his art, his beliefs, his methods of work, and his artistic creed, I think, may be summed up in a paragraph from his "The Need of a Literary Conscience":

> The place of high command, "the truth," will come to you, if it comes at all, because you shall have kept yourself young and humble and pure in heart, and so unspoiled and unwearied and unjaded that you shall find a joy in the mere rising of the sun . . . a pleasure in the sight of the hills at eventide.

Ernest C. Peixotto is himself a writer though his outstanding distinction has been won in the field of art. He has won much acclaim for his murals and paintings both in Europe and America, and is one of the best known American illustrators.

Norris Biography

FRANK NORRIS: A BIOGRAPHY. By FRANKLIN WALKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BIXLER
Western Reserve University

BOYISH exuberance is the principal element Mr. Walker fixes upon for his explanation of Norris. This is no doubt better for the purpose than a cultured Puritanism, a veneration for Zola, or a romanticism stemming from Scott and Stevenson, all of which must be taken into critical account. A stream of unadulterated energy poured from the young San Franciscan; it lifted his work to a prominence not attained by the novels of H. B. Fuller or the early realism of Stephen Crane and Hamlin Garland. His youthfulness was as unmistakable as Mark Twain's; after the publication of "McTeague" he often parenthesized his signature to personal letters with the words, "The Boy-Zola," and was later accustomed to refer to "The Octopus" as "The Squid." An abounding spirit, however, is no substitute for artistic or critical intelligence. This is clearest in those fugitive papers collected in "The Responsibilities of the Novelist"; stimulating to the men of the time for their enthusiasm, they are seen to have no focus and no point of departure. Reading them once more, the critic understands only too well the remarkable admonition once given Norris by John O'Hara Cosgrave, his editor on the San Francisco *Wave*, for the writing of an editorial: "Now don't think —write. If you think you will be wrong."

Mr. Walker writes pleasantly and in sufficient biographical detail. The figure that takes form from his pages is engaging enough as a single portrait out of the 'nineties, but it is hardly possible to agree with the apology for Curtis Jadwin in "The Pit," nor does it seem right to pass up "Blix" with a mere reference to details of autobiography.

What would have happened to Norris had he lived? Mr. Walker implies that "The Pit" was only a momentary let-down prefacing greater achievement. At his death Norris was planning "The Wolf," the last of the trilogy of the Wheat, and was even thinking of a new trilogy concerned with the Battle of Gettysburg. For these projects he already possessed those experiences and sketches which preceded so much of his longer work. Would he have employed greater artistic intelligence with these than he had with "The Octopus" and "The Pit"? It is hard to believe of a novelist whose best work was so far behind him as was "McTeague."

"Is Capitalism Doomed?"

A HISTORY OF THE ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS OF MODERN EUROPE. By FREDERICK L. NUSSBAUM. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. 1933.

THE GREAT TECHNOLOGY: SOCIAL CHAOS AND THE PUBLIC MIND. By HAROLD RUGG. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. $2.50.

CAN BUSINESS BUILD A GREAT AGE? By WILLIAM KIXMILLER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

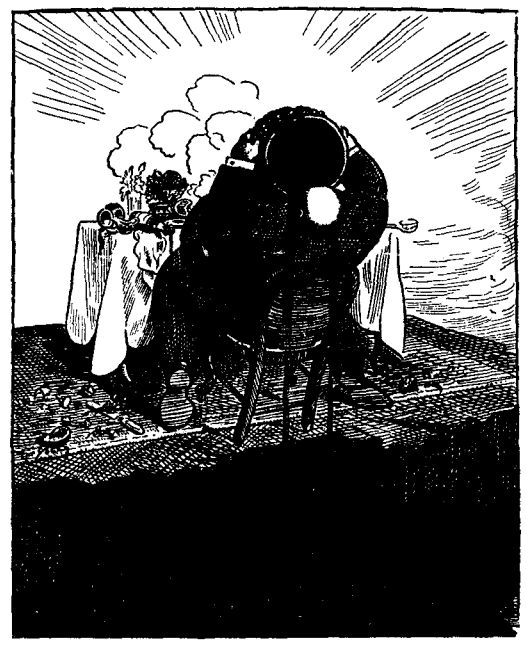
THE INTERDEPENDENT WORLD AND ITS PROBLEMS. By RAMSAY MUIR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933.

UNSTABLE MONEY. A Pamphlet reprint of a Chapter from "The Coming Struggle for Power." By JOHN STRACHEY. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. 25 cents.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE DENNIS

OF these books the first will yield the largest return of information and ideas. For, while Professor Nussbaum has little of his own that is important to offer, he presents an excellent digest of Werner Sombart's "Der Moderne Kapitalismus," a monumental work of 3,000 pages which has never been translated into English. Sombart's "Modern Capital" has two qualities rarely found in the writings of our own professional economists or political scientists: First, it has a definite and vital thesis; second, the thesis is brilliantly and interestingly developed. Sombart recognized that there was such a thing as a social pattern which could be described and analyzed as capitalism.

The term capitalism, of course, must be taken in the same broad manner that terms like Christianity, feudalism or socialism have to be considered. The fact that different sects differ widely as to the definition and practice of Christianity is no reason for saying that there is no such thing as Christianity. Nor would a denial of the objective existence of Christianity be supported by making the point that Christianity has been in course of constant change since it made its first appearance.



ART YOUNG'S CONCEPTION OF CAPITALISM
(Courtesy of *Life*)

Recognition by Sombart in a scholarly work of the objective existence of capitalism is especially important in view of the fact that practically no professor of economics or politics ever used the term capitalism before the rise of communist Russia, except when quoting condescendingly from the vagaries of those queer people called communists and socialists. For most reputable economists, except Sombart and a few other distinguished German scholars, capitalism was, prior to the war, a socialist epithet for the way in which sensible people normally did things in a rational civilization. Even today, Professor Ramsay Muir, in "The Interdependent World and Its Problems," says: "Moreover, it is absurd to describe by such a word as 'capitalism' as if it were a static system embodying a definite theory—the incessantly changing and infinitely various mixture of every possible form and type of economic organization in the midst of which we live." If capitalists and their hired thinkers had only recognized that they had a system, they might have learned enough about it to make the system work instead of applying their skills exclusively to the pursuit of self-interest and the ultimate destruction of the system. But, perhaps, it is a necessary part of the capitalistic system that capitalists should not understand it or act intelligently to perpetuate it.

Without trying to prove a case for socialism or against capitalism, Sombart undertook to write a history of capitalism, develop the philosophy of capitalism, and analyze capitalism as a distinct pattern of culture. He divided its history into three great periods: (1) the period of precapitalistic economy, terminating roughly with the discovery of the Americas and the Protestant Reformation, both of which events are of profound significance in connection with the rise of capitalism; (2) the period of early capitalism running down to the beginning of the industrial revolution, or about the time of the American and French Revolutions; (3) the period of High Capitalism, which, probably, terminated with the World War. Sombart's book was finished before the war. Social scientists twenty-five or fifty years hence may date the decline and fall of capitalism from the beginning of the World War. The many and widely different ideas which make up Sombart's magisterial thesis interpreting our capitalistic culture cannot be briefly summarized. Importance attaches not to the accuracy or inaccuracies of Sombart's conclusions but to the sweep and integration of his thesis.

Professor Muir's book is a collection of scholarly and readable essays written from the cloistered point of view of a nineteenth century liberal who is convinced that "all the miseries of the world during the last few years are directly traceable to the failure to recognize the fact of interdependence and the perils that inhere in this state of things." His major premise of a now existing civilization which imposes a large degree of interdependence is unassailable. No less so is his minor premise that, if our present institutions are to function smoothly, we must respect the implications of this interdependence. But why must these institutions or this civilization survive or flourish? An Attila or a Hitler may will otherwise, and if he does, his will may be worth the wills of millions of liberals. If the wills of the liberals are to prevail against the wills of the Attilas, the Lenins, or the Hitlers, the liberals must master new technique—and that seems to be inhibited by the nature of their principles. Furthermore, it may fairly be asked of the liberal whether he really wills the end who does not will the means.

Professor Muir, like most liberal thinkers, begs the fundamental question, Why should our present civilization resist the assaults of prevailing forces and be peacefully modified instead of being destroyed? For him the central problem is that of conserving and improving the present order. This is naturally the problem of one drawing a comfortable salary or enjoying considerable property rights under the present order. But what of the millions of unemployed and homeless whom the present order insults and injures? Why should they prefer orderly evolution, while starving, to a thrilling, even if destructive, adventure with a Hitler or a Genghis Khan? The choice lies not between bread with liberal righteousness and misery with illiberal unrighteousness; it lies between starvation with the inaction and futility of liberals and expectation of food with the programmes of action of fascists or communists. Professor Muir is interested in international cooperation, democracy, freedom, peace, and many more words which have little meaning to people who want food, work, and self-respect.

Every philosophy, of course, begins by begging a question. The liberals fail to perceive that in intellectual discussion the assumption that the fit and strong have a capacity to will and a right to work their will is of equal validity with the assumption that we must have peaceful and orderly evolution of the present system. In the realm of action the philosophy of will has unquestionable superiority over the philosophy of those who are distinguished for clear analysis, facile verbalization, and impotent wishing.

Professor Rugg's book is more relevant to present problems than that of Professor Muir or than the puerile twaddle of Mr. Kixmiller, which not even Mr. George F. Babbitt, himself, could read in 1933 without bursting into derisive laughter. Professor Rugg's analysis of the causes and course of the depression is fairly satisfactory whether from the point of view of an enlightened conservative or a Marxian socialist. The most stimulating part of the book is the discussion of "Education for the New Social Order." If there were any one in power in America who knew what he wanted done, as there seems to be in Russia, Italy, and Germany, Professor Rugg, like most other college professors, would be an extremely useful technical aide to such a will. I sometimes wonder whether American educators will ever get it clearly into their heads that under any social order they must be the hired men of those in power, or those who rule and feed the educators? Educators on a salary must give the training called for by the people who pay the salaries. True teachers, whether of the magnitude of Socrates, Gautama, or Jesus, or whether unheralded and little known seekers after truth, will never long remain in the ranks of job-hunters or salary receivers. The Columbia professors interested in social change could learn more from Peter the Hermit than John Dewey.

For Professor Rugg the problems of the hour are those of design for the new order and consent of the people. Technological experts will draw up the best hypothetical designs for an economic and political system that their coöperative thought can produce. It is not explained just how individuals think coöperatively. The intelligent minority will then take care of the problem of consent by creating a large supporting body of public opinion, which, obviously, is just what Messrs. Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler are effectively doing, each in his own inimitable way. The result will be democratic control and technical operation. To call such an achievement "democratic control" seems to me either a piece of crass stupidity or intellectual dishonesty. A new climate of opinion is to be created—by the minority, of course. A nation of cultured men—cultured by the minority, of course,—is to appear under the educational reconstruction. Professor Rugg is distinctly in advance of the Beards, Chases, Soules, and Swopes in the quality of his realism and also of his sophistry. But nothing in ten thousand contributions of this sort seems likely ever to move the hearts of the masses to collective action or to impel a leader of men to turn to the authors of these works except to direct them to perform technical services as one might order an engineer, lawyer, or cook to produce something one wanted.

"John Strachey's chapter on "Money," extracted from his recent book, "The Coming Struggle for Power," is a piece of clear and useful analysis of the monetary problem. It is good reading for monetary cranks and for all who fail to recognize that the depression is a crisis of a civilization and not merely a series of institutional frictions—such as money and credit dislocations—in a social system which from hypothesis must move in a perpetually ascending course of orderly evolution.

Lawrence Dennis, formerly a member of the United States Diplomatic Service, and formerly with J. and W. Seligman & Co., is the author of "Is Capitalism Doomed?"

Somerset Maugham's novel about the Secret Service, "Ashenden," has been dramatized, and will probably be seen in London shortly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lloyd George and Others

(*Continued from first page*)

ing to heaven, could make the Sign of the Cross, with a sound of thunder and crashing glass the castle would dissolve, the magicians vanish, and Europe leap to his arms. But in this fairy tale the forces of the half-world win, and the soul of Man is subordinated to the spirits of the earth.

No other character draws forth such figures. It is only when Keynes is stirred that he allows himself luxury of speech. The account of Bonar Law might have been written by a casual economist. He treats Bonar Law as a man without prejudice or passion, whose Conservatism sprang from caution and scepticism, from a want of emotional enthusiasm, and from an extreme respect for success. Of Lord Oxford he has written the most restrained and telling sentences in the volume, as if he were dealing with the story of an old friend, but also of a great man who must be appraised with entire justice. Asquith's mind was one fitted to deal with the given facts of the outside world. He had no balloons of his own making to lift him off the ground. "He was the perfect Whig for carrying into execution those radical projects of his generation which were well judged." He was incapable of severity towards his friends, and was at his best when dealing with issues that were impersonal and political.

The second part of the book deals with less important men, but with men in Keynes's own special world of economics. In his preface he says that he has sought to "bring out the solidarity and historical continuity of the High Intelligentsia of England, who have built up the foundations of our thought in the two and a half centuries since Locke in his 'Essay Concerning the Human Understanding' wrote the first modern English book." The economists with whom he is to deal were in the tradition of Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Darwin, and Mill, a "tradition marked by a love of truth and a most noble lucidity, by a prosaic sanity free from sentiment or metaphysic, and by an immense disinterestedness." Keynes gives a long essay to Malthus, telling his story, picturing his way of living, and suggesting his gentleness of temper and gayety. His father, Daniel Malthus, had been a friend of Hume and Rousseau. It was in consequence of an argument with his father about William Godwin's "Political Justice" that Robert developed that thesis which became the basis of his "Essay on Population." Keynes has much to say about the friendship between Malthus and Ricardo, quoting from their correspondence to show the divergence in their economic outlooks. Malthus he regards as a modern economist, grounding his conclusions on facts and not on *a priori* theories. He has less good to say of Ricardo, believing that for a century economic thinking has suffered from the domination of his line of approach.

More than a hundred pages of the three hundred in this book are devoted to Alfred Marshall, whom Keynes looks upon, in his special science, as the greatest man of the world in a hundred years. Marshall studied at Cambridge with the view of becoming a clergyman, but at about the same time, with Henry Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, James Ward, and W. K. Clifford, he left churches behind. "Marshall's Cambridge career came just at the date which will, I think, be regarded by the historians of opinion as the critical moment at which Christian dogma fell away from the serious philosophical world, or, at any rate, from Cambridge." Marshall became what "used to be called an agnostic," but retained the missionary spirit of his youth, asking himself always the question, are the opportunities of real life to be confined to a few? From metaphysics he turned to ethics. "The study of the causes of poverty is the study of the causes of the degradation of a large part of mankind," wrote Marshall in his "Principles." The possibility of progress depended in his view upon facts and inferences which were within the province of economics. But he recognized that the economist had to deal with the moral and political capabilities of human nature and that he had no special means of information on those matters. The economist has to guess as best he can. Marshall's serious study of economic theory began in 1867, his characteristic doctrines, says Keynes, were far developed by 1875, and by 1883 they were taking final form. Yet no part of his work was given to the world in adequate shape until 1890 when he published his "Principles of Economics." Meanwhile his theories had been so well spread abroad by his students that his opus received less attention than it deserved. Keynes contrasts Marshall with Jevons, who lived in a world of bright ideas, whereas Marshall developed a great working machine.

No characterization by Keynes is better than that of Francis Edgworth. Marshall's interest in economics was intellectual and moral, Edgworth's intellectual and esthetic. Edgworth was for forty years the "most distinguished and most prolific exponent in the world of what he himself dubbed 'Mathematical Psychics.'" He never ventured upon a treatise, declaring that large-scale enterprise such as treatises and marriage had never appealed to him. He liked the fewest possible material cares and was "content without private comfort." Edgworth is the only economist in Keynes's list who was not from Cambridge.

There is much of the history of economic theory in this volume, though it is treated so lightly that the lay reader need not be afraid. About Keynes's judgments upon economists and upon the merits of their wars with one another, I am not competent to express any opinions. I have, however, followed Keynes's predictions in the English *Nation* in past years and am ready to admit that, although an economist, he has an uncanny knack of being often right. He has told us about economists in language that is both precise and vivid. He has done more, he has traced carefully the intellectual progresses of several thinkers, notably that of Marshall. Of the history of such intellectual progresses we can never have enough. Keynes is interested in the life history of thinking beings, he is interested in those beings as

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

queer human people. Like so many Englishmen and, unlike economists, he savors queerness. I suspect that he would say that the intellectual people of the great tradition he reveres were all of them a little queer, and that he would add that most of them were lovable.

Mr. Notestein, who is a member of the department of history of Yale University, is an authority on English parliamentary history. He is a member of the British commission appointed by the Prime Minister on the House of Commons records.

Judah in Charleston

STORM BEACH. By VIRGINIA HERSCH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

THIS first full length novel of Virginia Hersch—which Ludwig Lewisohn also has said is "the first American Jewish historical novel"—is the work of a sensitive and creative writer. In places it is poetic in its power of conveying deep feeling evoked in the Jewish family life, presented here in an unusual setting. The author chooses to tell the story of the Carvalhos, Sephardic Jews, in Charleston about 1815. Driven from Santo Domingo by the slave revolt, Sarah Carvalho, the matriarch, comes to this most picturesque of the coastal cities. Her children grow up in the city yet not quite of it and its people. The barrier of race, raised less in this region than elsewhere, nevertheless exists. The proud Carvalho matriarch is no less anxious to preserve the purity of her race than any Carolinian can be. The novel builds itself mainly about the frustration of the love of Judith, the daughter, between whom and Roger Lavender, of Charleston, there comes the double bars set by the non-Jew and by the mother, firm in her desire to preserve the tradition of her proud race.

A sprinkling of high-born Jewish families did come to these Southern cities generations ago—most of them have since come North—and Virginia Hersch shows a flair for choosing the unusual in selecting the setting of Charleston for this story of race. She does not make so much of the local background as one would expect; the rich colors of her scene are disappointingly thin in what is offered as an historical novel. Her story, after all, is not that of Charleston, but of a Jewish family in a strange land.

Judith, whose love for the gentile Roger is frustrated, is the most poignant figure in the group which centers about Sarah Carvalho. She fails to find the fruition of her life, to "save her flesh with children," and finds small recompense in her poetry and love given to the children of others. Mrs. Hersch's canvas, however, is rich in its composition, and the individual pictures of the other Carvalhos are finely drawn in this study of racial heritage. In form the narrative lacks clarity, but it is the work of one whose creative power promises much.

Season between Seasons

(*Continued from first page*)

result of a reasoned opposition to liberalism (which alone would give it meaning), but only momentary exasperation. It is Lewis, the humanitarian liberal, feeling very much as Marx must have felt when he said, "I am not a Marxist." One can't write a book with sustained movement, with drive, if one has no points of reference. The failure of the sociological novel, at the moment, is not a failure of technique, but a failure in conviction that there is anything worth arguing about by means of fictional counters.

The other stream to feed American fiction has flowed through the art of the lost generation — through Hemingway, Kay Boyle, Kenneth Burke, and other wholly dissimilar writers. It ends as Mr. Burke's John Neal ends: with madness descending to blot out the problems of a soul which has wilfully dissociated itself from problems of society. A world under the harrow has not the time for the poet's single-minded world-weariness; and the Burkes, distracted by the newer metaphysics of economics, banking, or revolution, cannot think any longer in terms of "The Sorrows of Young Werther." Or, if they can, they feel hesitant or apathetic about writing in terms of "Werther," knowing full well the world will not listen.

The youngest novelists, Robert Cantwell, Edward Dahlberg, Erskine Caldwell, Albert Halper, Grace Lumpkin, possessing the technical heritage of the 'twenties (which is to say, a flair for the use of words which men like Poole, Lewis, Upton Sinclair, or Floyd Dell, have never been able to attain), labor under the sense of double failure. Their tools may be sharp, yet they feel they must get mass effects. Learned, perhaps, in the art of precise etching, they are told, by their social consciences, to do poster work. Now, if they were only certain they *ought* to be propagandists for a political cause, they might resist the poster work, and still, with serene conviction, learn to turn the etcher's tool to hidden propagandist ends. Many of them think they *are* certain, but the conviction, one fears, is only skin deep. They are beclouded willy nilly by the pragmatism of the day. The novel, so it would seem, must wait upon politics. And the novelist who feels so strongly and disastrously that he is "under sentence of death" doesn't know whether politics is leading to Winter or to Spring.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

THE practical men who laugh at those "indefatigable moles," the research workers, might look into the process by which two particular moles, burrowing for years, have managed to work their will in affecting public opinion. In March, 1931, *The American Economic Review* published a paper by Gardiner C. Means. The paper argued, with supporting figures, that two hundred corporations, each with assets of more than $85,000,000 in 1927, had control over some forty-four percent of the assets of all non-financial corporations in the country, numbering approximately 300,000. These two hundred corporations received forty percent of the national income. In other words, big business was growing bigger; and, possibly, control in the public interest loomed.

That was in 1931. These figures were duly incorporated in Adolf Berle's and Mr. Means's "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," published last Summer by the Commerce Clearing House of Chicago. There were no immediate newspaper reviews of this book. *The New York Times* published in its feature section an article by William Z. Ripley, who based certain opinions on the figures presented by Berle and Means, but it was not until Christmas that the reviewing forums woke up to "The Modern Corporation." To *The New Republic* the palm for (belated) watchfulness may be awarded. Stuart Chase reviewed it in that magazine; and *The New York Herald-Tribune* followed even more belated suit when Lewis Gannett and Charles A. Beard commented on the book in the daily and Sunday book sections, respectively. Around Christmas Macmillan took over publication of the book.

A slow start. An illustration of the law of permeation, whatever that may be. Last week, one of the private news services operating out of Washington, D. C., reported that "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," was being eagerly read in the capital, along with "Prices," by Warren and Pearson (Wiley, publishers), and "The American Transportation Problem," issued by the Brookings Institution. Does the report mean that the new United States will be reared on three books? And what does the slow reception of the Berle-Means work argue as to the vigilance of New York editors?

Lee Wilson Dodd

The death last week of Lee Wilson Dodd deprived *The Saturday Review* of one of its most constant friends and cherished contributors. From its beginning he gave the magazine freely of his pen and his advice, and its columns for nine years have been enriched by his contributions in prose and verse. He had an eager and brooding mind, a salty wit, and a gay fancy which adorned all he touched. A man of engaging modesty and endearing charm, his rare distinction of soul compelled immediate recognition from those he met. Of few could it so truly be said, "None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART ..... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN .. *Assistant Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 45.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

V. SALT LAKE CUT-OFF

I WAS sorry that the Overland schedule, both Westward and Eastward, took me by night through some of the country I would most have liked to see. But I rationalized this for myself by supposing that the tactful railroad company has arranged the timetable to spare embarrassment to Hymen. From either direction, passengers arrive at Reno in the discretion of darkness. With exemplary shrewdness, the Union Pacific serves both Salt Lake City and Reno, so it can cater to both kinds of patrons—those who wish many wives, or those who prefer none at all. Is that why the road is one of the few that have always paid dividends? The Disunion Pacific!—The Continental Divide, says the railroad folder, is at Creston, Wyoming; the Domestic Ditto, I suppose, is at Reno.

So I didn't see much of Wyoming. I'm afraid I conjecture unfamiliar States very largely by their emergence in print. Wyoming exists for me chiefly in memories of Ernest Thompson Seton's stories of the Yellowstone, in photographs of glorious fishing and camping country, and in Caroline Lockhart's gorgeously amusing *The Dude Wrangler*. Does Miss Lockhart, formerly a faithful client of The Bowling Green, still edit the newspaper in Cody? The Union Pacific folder reminds us that some of the scenes in Owen Wister's *The Virginian* were laid in Medicine Bow, but that novel is pretty well vanished from my mind except for the famous line everyone knows—"When you say that, *smile*." I was sorry to get no glimpse of the queer geologies commended by the folder—fossils of reptilian monsters, bones of dinosaurs and fossil fish, hot springs and salamanders. Granger, says my authority, is near a region of strange buttes, "fantastic domes, pinnacles, and fluted columns." I consoled myself by thinking that these domes could not be more fantastic than my own. There are not only fossil fish in the hills but fossils of old editorials. At Bear River City the newspaper plant of the *Frontier Index* was destroyed (1868) in a rumpus between citizens and Bad Men, and the old printing types are occasionally turned up in the soil.—I looked up the word *fossil* in the dictionary just now and discovered the magnificent saying *Words are fossil thoughts*. But my best dictionary discovery lately was in the new Shorter Oxford, which lists *to merchandize* as an archaic verb. The book trade will readily agree.

It was distinctly chilly in Lower Six that Wyoming night; I slept sound and closely swathed. When I woke it was still dark: I thought some convulsion of time must have happened, but it was the Aspen tunnel, over a mile long. There was snow everywhere when we came out into daylight.

That's a grand gorge you pass through on the way down to Ogden. I advise you to eat breakfast promptly and get back to the observation car where you can study the rough shapes of the Wasatch Mountains. There's Pulpit Rock, where Brigham Young is supposed to have preached up the spirits of his Mormon pioneers; a few miles farther on they discovered those peculiar parallels of limestone that make a huge toboggan groove down the mountainside. The footsore brethren were encouraged; they called it The Devil's Slide; a result, presumably, of the preaching. No wonder the Latter Day Saints, when they emerged into the fertile valleys near Ogden, thought they had reached Zion. They found all the features of the Holy Land. After the roaring water of Weber Canyon, there was a Dead Sea, a River Jordan, a Lake of Galilee. Good old Conan Doyle, chief educator of my youth, kept coming to mind, for most of my Mormon lore is based on *A Study in Scarlet*.

⁂ ⁂

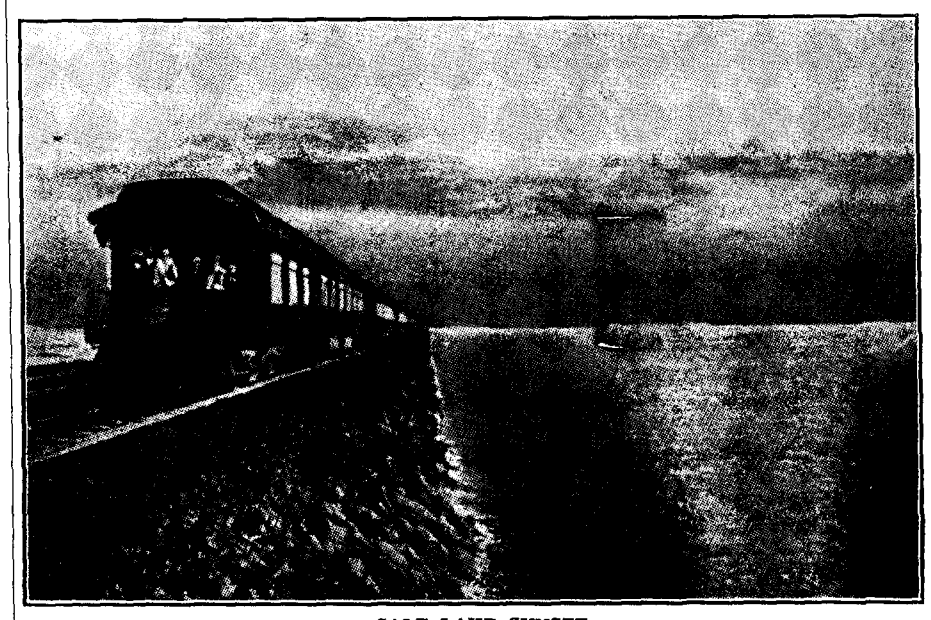
This was the first of March, and according to the Salt Lake papers the whole fiscal system was also getting ready to do a Devil's Slide. The sixteen Pullman passengers had time to ramble round the station at Ogden and get some of those picture postal-cards with little bags of salt attached. Here the Union Pacific joins hands with the Southern Pacific. An S. P. diner was put on. I like the Southern Pacific's institution of the Salad Bowl, an assortment of garden sass which seems deliciously green and fresh by comparison with the barrens of Utah and Nevada. I like its flowered china too, but the Southern Pacific dining car stewards seemed to me a trifle haughty. The New York Central improves both the Pacifics in the matter of toast, which Easterners slice thin enough to be crisp.

It was cold and snowy along the platforms; a crate of young chicks cheeped anxiously under a tarpaulin. It seemed to me rather bleak for such infant fowls to be travelling. No, replied a proud son of Utah; we ship them round here even at 30 below. I was rebuked, and reflected that these must be hardier than Long Island chicks. But the thought took me back to the good old post office at Roslyn Heights where every spring boxes of young hatchlings chirp like the little poetry magazines of Greenwich Village. Among other packages I noticed a box of "Reducing Devices" going to the Corset Department of the Auerbach Company, Salt Lake City, and furs from a ranch in Montana. Even in the swoon of trade America the gallant was attending to the needs of her women.

"Ogdeninutah" I said to myself in the morning sunshine, standing outside the station where a trolley car was receding down a fine wide street. Brigham Young was certainly a shrewd town-planner. The city stands beneath a grand reredos of mountains: I wish I knew the name of that splendid snowy mass that towers up on the south as the train goes off toward the lake. I named him for myself as Moby Dick.

⁂ ⁂

Among the many ignorances for which I keep a stock of apology on hand, consider not having known that the train takes you straight across Great Salt Lake. For thirty miles of green-blue water you "go to sea by rail," as my folder says. You stand on the observation platform in that brilliant air while the wheels click steadily across the long yellow trestle. It is complete loneliness. Most extraordinary to me was to find sea-gulls following the train. How did they get fooled into coming up there, at least 600 air-miles from ocean? There are no fish in the lake, only (said Uncle Walt) a very small misguided shrimp. (And the lake diminishes steadily by evaporation; in another 10,000 years some of those shrimps are going to be in trouble.) Uncle Walt introduced me to Mr. Harlin, the Southern Pacific conductor; he told me that as a youngster, thirty years ago, he worked helping to build the trestle. It cuts off 43 miles of distance and saves a curvature equal to 11 complete circles. I felt that there is some excellent parable in this though I don't yet quite focus it. What I mean is, I need some sort of Salt Lake Cut-Off in my mind, to avoid going round in circles. It is strange to see so wide a view of water without any craft whatever. Kit Carson explored the lake in a rubber boat, which I suppose was not corrosive. The launches used by the railroad for inspecting the trestle are swung on davits above the water, not to be eaten up by the salt. It was surprising also, in the desert beyond the lake, to see a horseman with a curly-tailed dog herding sheep. O. Henry is my only authority on sheep-herding. That mutton, I should think, would have a rather salty taste; but I remember that the pré salé meat is highly esteemed in Normandy.—Theoretically, those wide barren stretches glazed with snow, the expanse of tawny scrub and far slopes of argent hills, give one little to think about. But how exciting to see one's first sage brush and mesquite: are they not as important as the nightingale and the cuckoo? And when you get into Nevada you begin to remember Mark Twain.



SALT LAKE SUNSET

Uncle Walt and I had good talk across the desert. I was beginning to worry about the financial situation. I had counted on cashing a check when I got to San Francisco: suppose the California banks also should close? However I did not really think that likely, for I have been well tutored in the doctrine that the perplexities of the effete East do not trouble that golden shore. (Incidentally I wish I knew who first applied that delightful adjective *effete* to the Atlantic seaboard. How old is the usage?) So I inquired of Uncle Walt about inexpensive hotels, and learned of the excellent place in San Francisco where he stays for his turn-around. But apparently it's for railroad men only. The Pullman conductor's routine is very sensible. He leaves his overcoat, which he doesn't need on the train, in the hotel in San Francisco. He changes to his street clothes before he gets on the ferry at Oakland. So there he is, for his brief stay, without hampering impediment. The actual details of living are always interesting. It's well to remember that the portly and apparently sedentary gentleman you pass on the street is very likely a sea captain or a train conductor. The wide-ranging people don't always wear their mileage on their sleeve.

⁂ ⁂

I sat at lunch that day with two very unhappy men who had got on at Ogden. One had just had all his teeth pulled and could only work with his gums; he kept opening his mouth to show me there was no deception. He was very hungry, and made sad impossible efforts to triturate. The other was fresh from a hospital and was only allowed malted milk and custard. The effete Easterner was quite ashamed of his own hearty and champing efficiency. But these miserable wights gazed so pitiably upon my provender that I dared not eat full appetite.—Here I realized I was in a silver State, when I saw the steward giving everyone cartwheel dollars in change. Now a foreboding of the Pacific began to be discernible. Somewhere in Nevada that afternoon, in a long winding ravine, we rocketed past a sister Overland, waiting on a siding for us to go by. She had left San Francisco the evening before.

I made no memoranda that afternoon: I think perhaps I may have dozed a little Shakespeare. It seems to me that the Union Pacific folder is sometimes a bit optimistic: it lists as "a prosperous rapidly-growing town" one place which I specially remember for the dreariness of its aspect. A huddle of sad-looking shacks, crowded as close as an Eastern slum, a few loafers idling in the sun, a few radio aerials and roads leading off into vast bleached scrubland where snow mountains hang like mirage on the horizon. It seemed queer that in so wide a space and under the dazzling Nevada sky men push so tight together. Or is it just natural boredom or fear?—Reno, reached at night, was an odd contrast. A quite swanky station and a shimmer of electric signs marking hotels, night clubs, cafés, pool parlors. Walking beside the train in the dark I even got an impression of taxicabs though I don't remember whether I saw any; also delicatessen shops. Very evidently a tiny meteor fragment broken off from the bright lights of Broadway.

⁂ ⁂

I was worrying because this mode of reporting seems very partial and imperfect; then in a book about Eric Gill I found a passage that seemed relevant. Eric Gill was talking about sculpture, but the wisdom is equally true of writing. "What is important is what the workman has in his mind, not what some model has in his body. This is the attitude of mind of all the great periods of sculpture: not what they saw, but what they loved, that they carved. Truly they loved what they saw, but their seeing bent before their love as a sapling before the wind."

So, in my first sight of California at seven the next morning, actual vision was subordinate to a whole deep complex of feeling and association. What did it matter that (if I must be truthful) the first thing I saw as I raised the blind was some sort of power-house? Against the wall of it were megalomaniac geraniums—the grass was green—shrubs in flower—and a palm tree! Do you realize how always marvellous to the Northeasterner, no matter how often he sees it, is a growing palm? It is a symbol of rebuke, a reminder that the world is far larger and queerer than he supposed.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. *Harcourt, Brace.*
Biographical sketches of politicians and economists.

JULIA NEWBERRY'S DIARY. *Norton.*
The diary of a "young lady's entrance into the world," covering the years 1869-1872.

DEATH ON THE LIMITED. By ROGER DENOBLE. *Morrow.*
An ingenious detective story.

This Less Recent Book:

FAMILY CIRCLE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Appleton.*
A subtle and well-sustained portrayal of French family life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

IN PLACE OF PROFIT: SOCIAL INCENTIVES IN THE SOVIET UNION. By HARRY F. WARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE Soviet Union has frankly and definitely discarded many of the traditional incentives to production. It permits no one to become a millionaire through the private ownership and development of banks and railroads, factories and mines. It is rapidly wiping out the much more modest type of capitalist represented by the individual farmer. Communists and anti-Communists alike, therefore, must recognize the compelling importance of the question whether the new incentives which the Soviet system provides will effectively replace the discarded old ones of private initiative.

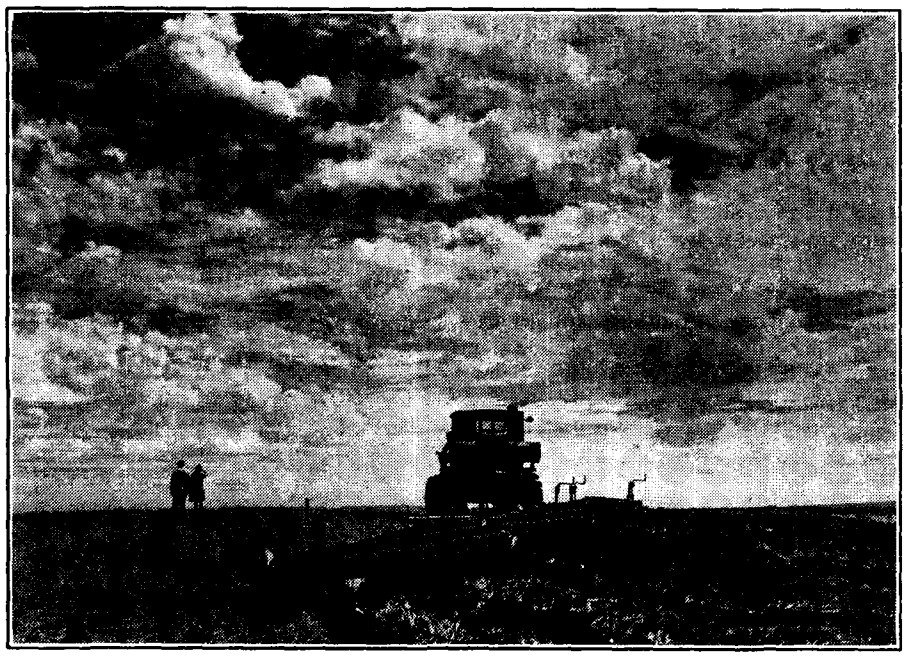
Dr. Ward approached his study of this problem with a rather obvious hope that he could turn in a favorable answer; and this is just what he has done. The reader whose impressions of Russia have been formed by hostile short-time visitors who concentrated their attention exclusively on food difficulties, shabby clothing, and the curiously high prices in terms of that most ambiguous currency unit, the Soviet ruble, will derive benefit from the perusal of Dr. Ward's book. For here one finds a very sympathetic and fairly complete account of the constructive sides of Soviet life; the voluntary labor service of the enthusiastic Young Communists, the effort of the more active-minded workers to take part in the direction of the enterprises where they work by submitting suggestions for saving and improvement; the "shock brigades," "socialist competition," and other means of supplementing the material inducement of differential wage-scales with the pressure of organized public opinion in the factories in order to produce greater efficiency. One also finds in the book a good exposition of the underlying ideas of communism and of some of the current problems confronting the Soviet régime, as set down in statements of Lenin, Stalin, and other Communist leaders.

However, Dr. Ward seems to follow out, perhaps unconsciously, a train of thought which the reviewer often encounters in radicals and liberals who visit Russia. His antipathy to the capitalist system is so strong that his investigating spectacles, dark black whenever capitalism is under investigation, become rose-tinted in contemplating any aspect of Soviet life. It is rather amusing, for instance, to hear Dr. Ward praise as beneficial to the peasants the "contracting" system by which the state compulsorily bought up the peasants' surplus produce when the Soviet Government has found it necessary to abandon or at least very greatly to modify this system of thinly veiled requisitions because it had proved in practice a distinctly discouraging factor in relation to peasant productivity.

In his discussion of real wages in Russia Dr. Ward completely and most unjustifiably ignores the sweeping depreciation in the purchasing power of the ruble which has occurred during the last few years as a result of such developments as the introduction of the rationing system for many food products, the marked rise of prices even in the controlled coöperative stores, and the fantastic skyrocketing of prices on the free markets, where the law of supply and demand has free sway as in capitalist countries.

So the merits of Dr. Ward's book are uneven. It is worth reading for its exposition of Communist ideas and goals, for its painstaking record of the various non-materialistic stimuli which have been introduced in Soviet factories and offices, for its sympathetic interpretation of the new Communist ethical and social conceptions. But in discussing present-day concrete facts of Soviet life the author often seems to record them as he would like to have them, rather than as they actually are.

William Henry Chamberlin is the Moscow correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, *and author of "Soviet Russia."*



SOVKHOZ (COLLECTIVE FARM) IN U. S. S. R. Photograph by Margaret Bourke-White

Annals of the Theatre

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA. By MARGARET G. MAYORGA. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR H. QUINN

THE requisites for an historian of any subject are first hand knowledge, sympathy with his material, and a sense of proportion. The historian of the drama must also possess a feeling for the theatre and an ability to know a fine play from a poor one. Miss Mayorga seems to have read industriously whatever material was available in or near New York City, but the fact that she bases her criticism of Stone's "Metamora" upon the account of the play in Alger's "Life of Forrest" instead of taking the trouble to inspect the manuscript at the Forrest Home in Philadelphia is perhaps a measure of the limitations of her research. Her sympathy with the material is more open to dispute. Her preface is almost entirely an apology, and the question naturally arises why she chooses a subject concerning whose importance she is so insecure. Her sense of proportion is simply non-existent.

In a one volume history of the American drama, considering the wealth of material, rigid exclusion of the unimportant is the only salvation. But Miss Mayorga gives nine pages to John Brougham and only three to all the plays of George Henry Boker, who is universally recognized as having done the best work in tragedy during the nineteenth century. Her reasons, too, for omitting those playwrights "who have made their appearance since 1920" do not seem adequate. Not to treat Philip Barry, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Sidney Howard, Gilbert Emery, and Maxwell Anderson, to mention only a few names, is to leave out the last act of the drama. Even more unfortunate is her inability to call up the plays as living things in the theatre. Consequently, her history is largely a record of her opinions based on a reading of the plays or reading what earlier historians have said about them. She is, of course, not to blame if she has not seen all the early plays she describes, but so many of these have been revived by the Columbia Laboratory Players in New York City that her comment upon Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" as "a sorry piece which merits revival only in the spirit of burlesque" is inexcusable. Since 1917, when Plays and Players of Philadelphia put on our first comedy, it has been produced by nearly all the leading college dramatic societies and always with distinguished success.

Miss Mayorga's bibliography of plays, one hundred pages long, is simply hopeless. The dates are apparently sometimes those of publication, sometimes of production, and sometimes, I regret to say, of neither. It is obvious that such a bibliography should give first the date of publication; second that of production, together with the theatre and city; third, any reprint or collection edition. No mention is made, for example, of the volumes of Belasco's or of Herne's plays, both published in 1928. It is a pity that the great labor evidently spent by Miss Mayorga was not organized properly, so that her effort to present the history of our drama in a compact form should be to all practical purposes a failure.

Arthur H. Quinn is professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, and an authority on the American drama. Among his books on the theatre are "History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War" and "History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day."

The Middle Ages

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Planned by the late J. B. BURY, edited by the late J. R. TANNER, C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON and Z. N. BROOKE. Volume VII. DECLINE OF THE PAPACY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $13.

Reviewed by JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

ONE who is already familiar with the previous volumes of the "Cambridge Medieval History" will be convinced by the appearance of the seventh volume that in this series of massive volumes the solution of a huge problem in architectonics is slowly being worked out. These almost monolithic tomes are piled, one upon another, until the effect is that of viewing the façade of a great Palladian building.

The present work, while in a scholarly way perhaps as sound as its predecessors, is structurally among the weakest in the series. For the fourteenth century defies synthesis; it is almost impossible to integrate the diverse movements of the age, to canalize the maze of currents. Professor Previté-Orton, who by the death of Mr. J. R. Tanner has now become senior editor, in the introduction has made a magnificent endeavor to generalize the forces of the epoch, but his plea for "the naturalness of this division" is unconvincing.

The book opens with a survey of the history of Italy in the time of Dante from the pen of the late Edward Armstrong, who fortunately lived long enough to correct the proofs of his contribution. This chapter is succeeded by one contributed by Professor Romolo Caggese on Italy in the century between 1313 and 1414. Here the nature and the terminals of the period are fortunately well defined. One's only complaint may be that the masterly achievements of Cardinal Albornoz and the revolt of the Ciompi are too briefly treated. The first portion of the chapter on Germany (1273-1313) has been written by the late Professor Blok, the dean of Dutch historians, and completed by Professor Waugh, a Canadian contributor. Without meaning to express a cruel judgment it may be said that the change of authorship was a fortunate one. Blok's half-chapter betrays the failing powers of an aged scholar. Professor Waugh's two chapters upon Germany (IV-V) are of great merit. The solidity of his scholarship is matched by vivacity of style.

Professor Weiner's chapter on The Hansa, and the Teutonic Order, by Professor Boswell, are clear and brief summaries; but the latter writer has failed to appreciate the substantial economic factors in the history of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia. Professor Hilda Johnstone's two chapters on France under the last Capetians, and England under Edward I and Edward II, are complementary, and deal almost wholly with internal institutional development. Each of them needs to be related to Chap. XXIII upon Medieval Estates. In this chapter Professor McIlwain of Harvard, in my estimation, has contributed the most original chapter in the book. It is a masterly treatise on comparative political institutions in a century which was procreant of new institutions, *e.g.*, the English parliament, the French estates-general, the German diet, the Spanish cortes, and when the principles and the practices of representative government first acquired shape. Professor Altamira, who has been responsible for Spanish history in every volume of this series, has a traditionally competent chapter on Spain (1252-1410), and Professor Coville, than whom there is no greater authority, has contributed two chapters on the Hundred Years' War which exhibit remarkable ability to include much information in compact form. The history of England under Edward III and Richard II, and a brief chapter on Wyclif, are from the pen of Professor Manning, and naturally hang together.

In previous volumes of this series the minor countries of Europe have been scantily represented. Accordingly, in this volume, in the history of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Russia, the reader is thrown back again into the depth of the Middle Ages—to 1066 for Wales, to the battle of Clontarf (1014) for Ireland, to the time of the Picts and Scots in the case of Scotland, to 1015 for Russia. The deviation exemplifies the difficulties of coördination. But the authors of these chapters, Professors Lloyd, Terry, and Orpen, are masters of the craft and specialists in their fields, and the same may be said of Prince Mirsky, so that each of them has dexterously succeeded in weaving his particular pattern into the warp and woof of the epoch. Even more remarkable as a "throw-back" is Chap. XXII, The Jews in the Middle Ages, by Professor Roth, which begins with the diaspora and the rise of Christianity. It is of excellent quality, but much too brief, considering the long length of time covered and the importance of the subject.

The difficult subject of the Avignonese Papacy, the Great Schism, and the reforming councils is in the hands of Professor Mollat of the Catholic University of Freibourg in Switzerland. The latter phase of this subject seems almost too balanced and too cautious a handling of the vexed issues, as if the writer were endeavoring to satisfy all and to antagonize none. It is a truer presentation of the theories of canon law than of actual historical conditions.

Finally come three chapters of culture history. Peasant life and rural conditions *ca.* 1100-1500 by Dr. Eileen Power; The Early Renaissance, by Professor Tilley and Medieval Mysticism, by Miss Evelyn Underhill. Miss Power, who combines substantial scholarship with unusual literary artistry, has succeeded admirably in synthesizing a complex and difficult body of material. Her chapter is a masterpiece of clarity and cogency. One expects excellence from so veteran a student of the Renaissance as Professor Tilley, and is not disappointed. But one wonders why this chapter, which mainly deals with the quattrocento, should have been included in this volume devoted to the fourteenth century.

The bibliographies in this volume, it may be said, excel some of those in previous volumes in analytic classification of materials.

James Westfall Thompson is professor of medieval history in the University of Chicago, and the author of books on the Middle Ages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

East Against West

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: When two so opinionated critics as Bernard De Voto and Lewis Mumford clash, it takes no ironist to detect an anger that is scarcely hedged in by so many sporting rules as governed a pioneer pistol duel. Mumford, inheritor of a finished pioneer picture, with the blood-rush of its creation gone with the doing, temperamentally hates many of its elements. His conscientious (if disturbingly conscious) efforts are toward bringing America under the critical auspices of the best that has been thought and done by cumulative humane effort, as far back as culture transmits. He is a fair spokesman of our intellectuals who have emerged as the pioneering job got pushed to its ultimate limit. And it is well and good. But Mr. Mumford is gratuitous when he speaks of "so much rapture and so little understanding" in De Voto's description of pioneer society. After all, De Voto is the Westerner. He is culturally native, just as Mumford is alien, to the tradition he treats. So much the better if he is romantically sympathetic. In spite of crotchets he is in a position no opponent can match to correct the civilized-centric error of judgment of pioneer society. If he is in sympathetic error, just as much are Mumford and Brooks in antipathetic error.

It seems fundamentally wrong to talk of Twain, as Mumford does, as if the troubling thing is that here is a man who seemed to have fallen just short of some universal stature possessed by Cervantes (the muted-Milton romantic fallacy?). Is such a statement more than eloquence? If Mark was less than Cervantes, perhaps he had less potential ability. After all, an author must have character enough to write his best, even as it is said one wrote outside pioneer America with his brats crying about him and unseemly goings and comings on the stairs. Perhaps in its way "Huckleberry Finn" sums up a sympathy, a country, and a life as perfectly, say, as "Don Quixote." ORIN ATRIUS.

Springfield, Ill.

Voice from a Bog

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Those Westerners out in the literary Styx who (even so) are trying to absorb culture might take the Chyps off their shoulders. Why anyone should look patiently for a word of adverse criticism of anything English, I—an Easterner up here in the illiterate cranberry bogs—cannot explain. Those Westerners must be grouchy fellows. Mr. Priestley's "Faraway," so advisedly praised, I consider passing good melodrama. Now of course if those Westerners were not so profoundly hallucinated by good old standardized America, they would find their reading pretty thin at times, were it not supplemented by the work of foreign authors, especially English. I daresay, too, that the novelists of England enjoy quite voracious home consumption before, while, or after, their literary wares appear on the American market. If any trade be free and friendly, let it be the literary.

ARNOLD PAINE.

Marion, Mass.

Saintsbury's Habits

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In his recent account of George Saintsbury Ben Ray Redman says an error in a reference to Fronto does not show that Saintsbury had not read Fronto, but only that he had taken notes of his reading and then "misinterpreted" his notes. I agree. Having had privilege of reading proof on one of Saintsbury's works, I certify that I thought I saw internal evidence in Saintsbury's punctuation (what there was of it) that he had put in punctuation marks after writing the page, and that he had been unable to read his own handwriting reliably. I do not mean that anybody else could read Saintsbury's writing better than he himself could. Of course responsibility of typesetting rested with a compositor who was expert on bad handwriting. Once in a while she consulted me to help her out. I was consulted on a word that ought to be French. Being unable to read it, I took some paper and imitated the marks of Saintsbury's pen as closely as I could, with the intention of trying a French dictionary for different words it might possibly spell. When I got back to my desk and looked at my memorandum I read on it with perfect clearness *degré*, which I had been unable to read from the original manuscript.

I did not invariably get every word right myself. One night I dreamed I met a plaster-of-Paris lion, the sort that you see peddled on the streets, and the beast got my arm in its mouth and was going to bite it off. My alarm was so intense that it woke me up. And I woke up with an overwhelming consciousness that in my Saintsbury work I had allowed a word to be printed "blast" when it ought to be "blaze." As soon as I got to the office in the morning I hurried to find the proofs and correct the error of which the waking from my dream had warned me; and I found that it was printed "flash" and that "flash" was right. And it is "flash" to this day: "Loci Critici," page 42.

I thoroughly agree that it was Saintsbury's habit to know what he was writing about.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Little Boy Bird

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Despite the decadence in all values there still remains a place—in your pages—where one may contend for the value of a word. Your reviewer of "The Birds of Minnesota" might have saved himself the pain of an "invidious criticism" (his phrase for it) of certain titles had he stopped to reflect that ornithologists are, within their own province, scrupulous in regard to the use of technical words. "Juvenal" is the one in question, Mr. Scoville believing that "juvenile" was intended and missed. Whatever the field naturalist may think of the laboratory ornithologist, he should remember that the latter has the right of way in respect to technical terms. "Juvenal" is such a one, and even Webster's dictionary would have informed him that "*juvenal plumage*," in zoölogy, is the plumage of a bird immediately succeeding the natal down."

Unless the ornithologists among your readers are fewer than I should like to hope, you will receive other protests on this theme. Mine is accentuated by the fact that juvenal is one of my pet words. I would aid any effort toward bringing it (metaphorically phrased) into common use. But if, due to indolence in regard to the use of the dictionary, such broadening of our vocabulary through biological borrowings cannot be tolerated, then I must conclude that the student trying for a college entrance credit in zoology was right in defining *metamorphosis* as "the change which takes place in a tadpole from infancy to manhood." Similarly "juvenile" would describe the plumage of little boy bird. HENRY TRACY.

Hollywood, Calif.

The Feathers Fly

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: It seems ungracious to criticize so kindly and generous a review as that by Mr. Scoville of Dr. Roberts's "Birds of Minnesota." The fact is, however, that neither the editor nor author had a "bad spell" in printing the titles "Juvenal Plumage" on some of the illustrations contained in the book, since the title Juvenal (not Juvenile) Plumage is a technical zoölogical term sanctioned by Webster's and other dictionaries.

JOSEPH R. KINGMAN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Beware Superlatives

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In his review of Roberts's "The Birds of Minnesota" in your May 6 issue, Samuel Scoville, Jr., says: "Ornithology now awaits 'Birds of the North' and 'Birds of the Southwest' to complete a library of books on birds, which will cover all of the United States . . . Speed the day when either or both of these books appear." Well, one of them has already appeared—as recently as 1928. Mr. Scoville has certainly heard of "Birds of New Mexico" by Florence Merriam Bailey, which is the first comprehensive work on the bird life of the Southwest. Mr. Scoville, I think, is careless with his superlatives when he says that "Birds of Minnesota" is the "best book on birds for both amateur observers and scientific ornithologists which has appeared in America." I do not believe that it is better than Mrs. Bailey's book or Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts."

PAUL H. OEHSER,
Editor, U. S. National Museum.

Washington, D. C.

The New Books

Fiction

LOST LAUGHTER. By MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM. Dodd, Mead. 1933. $2.50.

It was a bright idea of Mrs. Farnham's to combine the story of a country town with the fantasies of a prodigal daughter who fled to the wicked city and kept coming back to an ambiguous welcome. The tale centers in an illegitimate son, the only male child of a family of Missouri grain-dealing aristocrats, and in his mother, the wanton, selfish, fascinating Bella, who can neither keep the boy nor stay away from him. Her recurring visits bring climaxes of acute discomfort to the whole family, who walk in fear that the scandal will be found out and that, far worse, the boy will discover that his giddy "cousin," who so shamelessly and entertainingly romances about her life in New York and Europe, is really his mother.

The comic aspects of the situation, however, are sternly subordinated to the more conventional view of its tragic potentialities, and especially its moral aspects. Mrs. Farnham's older generation are a helpless lot; she lets them off pretty easily, seeming to feel, as she very well may, that they have been punished enough by her contemporaries, with light jibes at their indigestion and the contentment of widows. Her younger generation are, as she taunts them with being, willing to accept bastardy in the abstract along with drinking and smoking; but when it is brought home to them they shrink from it, even though they can find no better sanction for conventional morality than the sentimental one implied in the title. Mrs. Farnham seems to be struggling with two difficulties. She is not quite sure of her own fundamental convictions, and she is purposely subduing a shrewd and delightful sense of humor to what is widely conceived to be the proper woman's magazine tone. In spite of that, she has done a very good job with Bella.

SHATTERED PORCELAIN. The Daughter of the Narikin. By ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.50.

Mrs. Sugimoto's "Daughter of the Samurai" told the tragic tale of the ruthless shattering of the medieval custom with the revolution that opened the doors which had been closed to foreign influences for centuries. Her "Shattered Porcelain" is the story of Yukiki, the daughter of the self-made merchant prince, who knows quite enough of the Western ideals of love and marriage to feel the full shock of ancient custom of an arranged marriage to a husband who is even less bound than she, and whose companionship even her dutiful adherence fails to win. Dominated and subordinated by ancient custom, and loyal to her filial obligations as conceived by her elders, all of her hopes and aspirations for freedom and affection are frustrated, but throughout the ordeal her loyalty abates nothing from perfection. Though crushed and broken, the pattern of her character remains as beautiful as that of the outward customs environing it. She winds up as a priestess in a Buddhist temple to which her youthful lover after years of success in Formosa and New York later brings his wife for ancestral obeisance. To make the meeting even more poignant her successor in her girlhood lover's affections is a modern woman, once affianced to, but rejected by her own wealth-seeking but recreant husband.

The charm and beauty of the old ways and the essential loveliness of the old traditions are skilfully and artistically revealed by the author's penetrating understanding. Against this as a foil the modern mode seems to lack something of the refining processes of the centuries. In the face of the author's rather elaborate effort to make that mode attractive, it seems only to be useful earthenware beside rare porcelain.

THE GREAT CROONER. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1933. $2.

If there are any readers who missed this in its serial publication in the *Saturday Evening Post* there is entertainment awaiting them. It is an excellent *Saturday-Posty* yarn; hilarious but not too exuberant, satirically amusing, and not overdone. It records the rise and fall of a village tenor, an electrician by trade, who is suddenly transported to the wild life of a New York radio studio where he becomes Claude Dodd, the incomparable crooner. There is an able supporting company, including a comic operatic *diva*, a gold-digging siren, big business men, Claude's own go-getting manager, and, of course, the really nice girl he is destined to marry. They are all well drawn, and Mr. Kelland's narrative moves rapidly and smoothly to a well staged climax.

International

SWASTIKA. The Nazi Terror. By JAMES WATERMAN WISE. Smith & Haas. 1933. $1.

Germany's reversion to the tribal mood has been accompanied by events so grotesque and so bewildering that the detached American observer, still thinking in what the pre-war world would have considered as roughly "normal" terms, scarcely knows whether the stories in the day-to-day despatches from Berlin belong in the field of tragedy or in that of the comic strip. Frequently, they fall into both categories. Such things as the public burning of books which the Nazis happen to dislike seem at one and the same time both an incredibly humorless caricature of such supposedly outgrown acts of barbarism as the Vandal raids on Rome or the burning of the library at Alexandria and a living proof of the conviction of the present rulers of Germany that they can only settle their problems by violence. They are at once a colossal joke and a threat to the peace of Europe.

In such circumstances, a book like that of Mr. Wise is more or less outrun by actual happenings before it can be published. While the editor of *Opinion* and the author of "Jews Are Like That" is preoccupied with the anti-Semitic aspect of the situation and the sufferings of German Jews, the Gentile observer is already wondering when and where the next European war is going to start and if it can possibly be prevented. Mr. Wise's little book is, nevertheless, a useful, and, considering its author's background, objective and temperate record and analysis of the earlier phenomena of the Hitler régime. He isolates and discusses in scholarly fashion, the psychic, not to say psychopathic, elements of the case, and presents a brief but solidly documented record of injustices and violences against the German Jews. There are chapters on the "Brown Terror," the world reaction, boycott, the "cold pogrom," and a brief consideration, from the Jewish point of view, of "what can be done." The book is necessarily "journalistic," in the time sense, but solidly useful, nevertheless.

Science

MAJOR MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE. By H. GORDON GARBEDIAN. Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.75.

This work on popular science is not only interesting; it is accurate, objective, and unbiased. Even so meticulously exacting a person as Maynard Shipley found therein but few and unimportant statements with which to take issue. In addition the book is thoroughly literate, non-sensational, and soundly educational in the very best sense.

Just why is this true? We may as well break down and confess that we have never before heard of H. Gordon Garbedian; this is obviously the misfortune of our ignorance rather than any possible adverse reflection on him. We know at once, however, that he is a trustworthy guide in realms of scientific knowledge with which we are relatively unacquainted. He knows how to sift evidence, which sources to accept as authoritative, and can discard fallacies and far-fetched misconceptions while retaining valuable scientific truths.

Mr. Garbedian wanted to make his work trustworthy. He was covering a vast field. He ranged from the practical problems of the machine age, through the story of life, prying en route into the secrets of the earth, and winding up with cosmology and the more distant reaches of astronomy. No man could possibly be an expert in all these branches of knowledge. Yet there must be reliable students who can interpret all these branches to mere laymen or to people who happen to have specialized knowledge about only one or two narrow fields of science. This task can be performed acceptably by a man who is unprejudiced and who knows how to seek and follow the guidance of the most notable scientific specialists. It is significant, therefore, that Mr. Garbedian appealed to Drs. Robert A. Millikan, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Harlow Shapley, Arthur H. Compton, Ales Hrdlicka, George W. Crile, Alexis Carrel, Reginald

(*Continued on page* 622)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Mystery Story
by the author of
"The House of the Opal"
A Case for
Mr. Paul Savoy
by
Jackson Gregory
$2.00
-and you'll miss what
The New York Times calls
"a high spot
in the seasons mysteries"
if you don't read
The Opera Murders
by Kirby Williams
in which the sopranos of
a Chicago operatic
company are killed,
one by one, by a criminal
who knows his librettos
all too well. $2.00
-and, on the "must" list-
The Kennel Murder Case
A Philo Vance story by
S. S. Van Dine
For sale at all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
THE YOUNGER POETS
Edited by OLIVER WELLS with a Preface by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.
There are a few copies of this anthology still available. The publication is limited to 500 copies. 204 pages. *Price $3.00 postpaid.*
THE CENTAUR PRESS
206 South Juniper Street, Philadelphia.

A Letter from Yugoslavia

By LOUIS ADAMIC

THE first thing one notices about the current literary scene in Yugoslavia is that nearly half of the books of all kinds published in its three national-cultural divisions—Croatia, Slovenia, and Serbia—are translations from the English, German, French, Norwegian, and other languages. The same is true of the material appearing in the more serious magazines. And, with rare exceptions, the books and magazine stories, poetry, and essays by Yugoslav writers that get into print nowadays are shabby, unvital stuff.

By saying this, however, I mean to cast no aspersion upon the Serb, Croat, and Slovenian authors of today. If in the past four or five years they have published only a meager number of good books and magazine pieces, that fact is no indication of a general lack of literary talent in Yugoslavia. The explanation is that the Yugoslav writers are living in a curious and tragic country where authentic, honest writing temporarily is taboo.

Yugoslavia is a new country which came into existence after the war; so new and poorly advertised in the rest of the world that most Americans, including the educated and otherwise well-informed ones, know little or nothing about it. Some think it is part of Czechoslovakia; others, of Dalmatia or Turkey; still others, that it is a tiny, wild place somewhere among the rocks in the Balkans. Actually, it is one of the biggest of the "small" countries, beautiful and picturesque almost beyond description, rich in natural resources of all kinds, and inhabited by some thirteen and a half million people, most of whose general and innate characteristics are as admirable, I think, as those of any other nation on earth.

The people have been under various foreign yokes for centuries. Result: the Croat culture and civilization are different from the Serb, and the Slovenian are different from either the Croatian or the Serb. These national groups have diverse temperaments, religions, customs, costumes, traditions, what-not. All together they lack political experience. More important still in the current world, the country as a whole lacks substantial capital for development. And her geographic position, her undeveloped natural wealth, and her potential military power prompt the imperialists of Europe to play with her fate. Today she is approximately in the predicament that—if one may speculate a bit—Russia escaped by having gone Bolshevik; only, being small (and for other reasons, too complex even to suggest here), she cannot do anything resembling Russia's move. . . . Well, it's a long, long story, this tragedy of Yugoslavia. Here let me remind you that the country is under a military-fascist dictatorship, established four years ago mainly for the benefit of the ruling hegemony in Belgrade, and their masters, the European money-imperialists and the diplomatists and general staffs of the big powers, which, for good reasons of their own, do not want the small Balkan peoples to follow their natural inclination to go a considerable distance the way Russia went and, in fact, want to keep them under their command as the first line of defense against Russia and communism.

One of the most important departments of any dictatorship, of course, is censorship; and Yugoslavia, perhaps, has the severest censorship of all European countries now under dictatorships. It is especially harsh in Croatia (where I happen to be writing this letter), for the reason that the opposition to the Belgrade *diktatura* in this section is especially sharp. Balkan fashion, there is no definite law covering the censors' function; in each city where things are being printed the censors perform differently, but everywhere their power is unlimited, and they exercise it as the local situation demands from time to time. The head censor in Zagreb, capital of Croatia, recently was heard to boast, "I can confiscate a menu card!"

If a publisher has three books seized within a year, he is persecuted and apt to be fined and sent to prison. If three issues of a monthly magazine are stopped in a year, the responsible editor is persecuted and liable to imprisonment and his publication is forbidden to appear any more.

Naturally, publishers and magazine editors are careful what they print. No suggestion of any criticism of His Majesty the King-Dictator or his régime, and no friendly word concerning Russia or communism can be printed and legally distributed in Yugoslavia. And so, when I tell you that most of the younger and most talented writers in Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia, as in other capitalistic countries nowadays (and for much better reasons even than, say, in America or France or Germany), are turning sharply leftward, you can, perhaps, imagine how serious a matter censorship is from their viewpoint and the viewpoint of vital, honest writing.

Within the borders of Yugoslavia is a concentration of nearly all of the world's important human problems—political, economic, social, cultural, religious—in the extreme. The country's situation, both internal and in relation to the rest of the world, is dramatic to the *n*th degree; it virtually yells to be dealt with in novels, plays, poems, and other literary forms—but no writer whose ideology or temperament bid him to go anywhere near its core can touch it and hope to get his script into print and circulation.

Hence most of the really or potentially good and important writers do not write at all, or else go for their subject matter outside of Yugoslavia or into the distant past, or both.

As an example, take Miroslav Krleza, a Croatian writer living in Zagreb, who, although little known as yet outside of the Slavic countries of eastern, southeastern, and central Europe, incontestably is one of the most powerful contemporary writers, almost equally effective as playwright, poet, novelist, short-story writer, essayist, and pamphleteer. A man still under forty, he has Dostoievski's genius as an intuitive psychologist, is a Marxist ideologically, and a stylist of elemental force. But all his important books and plays deal with the past, namely, with the war or the decadence of the bourgeois class which developed in Zagreb while the city was under Austria-Hungary. They are extremely effective historical social studies. However, he doubtless could write even more powerful and important plays and novels about contemporary life in Yugoslavia; only, if he wrote them, he could not print them today or for some time to come. He has a collection of brilliant essays dealing with the country's current cultural and social problems. He cannot issue them between book covers, although the volume if it appeared would be an immediate success.

There are dozens of less but still highly talented young writers in Yugoslavia who find themselves in the same predicament as Krleza. Most of them, however, are not as strong characters and as resourceful artists as is Krleza; some, unable to function at all under the circumstances, give way to individual pessimism and depression which causes them to disintegrate as persons and artists. This doubtless is the chief, if perhaps not always conscious, long-range aim of censorship under a system of government such as now afflicts Yugoslavia.

The Yugoslav people, however, and especially the Slovenians and the Croats, are great readers. Even peasants buy books and subscribe to magazines and book clubs. And the books that sell best are radical books. So the publishers, unable to print interesting things by native authors, lately have taken to publishing a vast number of translations. The military-fascist censorship is not so severe with books about foreign countries by foreign writers. And now the display windows of the numerous bookshops in Zagreb, Belgrade, Sarajevo, Ljubljana, Split, and the smaller cities and towns are filled with copies of "Main Street," "Arrowsmith," "Babbitt," "Dodsworth" and "Ann Vickers," and Michael Gold's "Jews without Money," and endless books by Upton Sinclair, who, like Sinclair Lewis, is extremely popular throughout the country. Indeed, there is now a great vogue for American books generally and with the exception of Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins," no American volume was confiscated in the last two years. The censors seem to have the idea that America is so different from Yugoslavia that the problems described by Michael Gold, Upton Sinclair, or Sinclair Lewis have no bearing on the situation in Yugoslavia. Translations from European literatures are more frequently confiscated. From the new Russian literature almost everything is forbidden. One mildly radical review was not permitted to print things by Romain Rolland, Barbusse, Gorki, and Ernst Toller. Lately even a study of the life of Villon was not allowed.

Recently several Yugoslav writers have another reason or excuse for not producing more or better things. They are the committee of the three Yugoslav P. E. N. clubs—Belgrade, Zagreb, and Ljublyana—in charge of preparations for the international congress of the P. E. N. clubs which is to be held at Dubrovnik (Ragusa), in Dalmatia, from May 25 to 28 of this year. Every few weeks they hold meetings to discuss ways and means of taking care of the two hundred or more delegates from all over the world, in accordance with the ancient rules of South Slavic "heart culture" or hospitality.

The P. E. N. club congress in Dubrovnik this year probably will be one of the most important and interesting in years. A new president will be chosen to take the place of John Galsworthy, president of the organization since its beginning.

PITY
IS NOT
ENOUGH
By Josephine Herbst
AUTHOR OF "NOTHING IS SACRED"
This first novel by Miss Herbst to appear in two years deals with the background, the family, the life and character of Joseph Trexler, carpetbagger, one of that strange horde that descended on the South in 1870 and afterwards.
PITY IS NOT ENOUGH is a full revelation of the scope and brilliance of this important American novelist's gifts.
At all bookstores, $2.50
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Brahms's Music

THE CHAMBER MUSIC OF BRAHMS. By DANIEL GREGORY MASON. Macmillan. 1933.

Surprisingly few books have appeared in celebration of Brahms's centenary. This is owing partly to the times, and even more, one suspects, to the fact that Brahms's biography is far less interesting than his music. For this reason Mr. Mason has done Brahms the best service by referring only incidentally to the circumstances under which the chamber works were composed. Each of them, from the early B major trio (interestingly contrasted with its later revision) to the clarinet sonatas, is analyzed concisely, musically, thoroughly.

While it is too much to hope that music-lovers might occasionally read books about music, it should be mentioned that those who know only the symphonies and concertos will find this book not only illuminating but altogether readable. And since it presupposes rather than encourages "appreciation," it will be recognized as essential by all chamber musicians (amateur and professional) as well as by genuine Brahmins.

The audience, however circumscribed, is not relevant to the significance of the book. After the unfortunate orgies over poor Schubert in 1928, Mr. Mason's undiverted musicianship is a fitting celebration; and his book gives testimony to the fact that the position of the Brahmins in 1933 — despite Romain Rolland — is impregnable.

Erratum

It was stated in last week's *The Saturday Review* that W. Somerset Maugham's "Living in the Grand Hotel," constituted the introduction to Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," included in "Travellers' Book," to be issued by Doubleday, Doran & Co. This should have read ". . . included in the 'Travelers' Library.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NIGHT THOUGHTS

THE late *Edward Young*, in the eighteenth century, was ecclesiastically inclined, though he also liked to produce Drury Lane tragedies. He was likewise, by the way, a notable satirist, till Alexander Pope came to totally eclipse him. But his "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts," the work by which alone, it would seem, he is remembered, is doleful enough in all conscience, even when the marvelous pen of *William Blake* undertakes to illustrate it. This is all a prelude to saying that my own Night Thoughts are not a little bit like the late Edward Young's! For I do not find myself brooding upon Life, Death, and Immortality to the same extent. Where does it get you? Practically nowhere.

CHERUBIC VISITATION

Probably all of you, however, have experienced that dead hour of night when, for no reason at all, you are suddenly broad awake and find your mind busied with a variety of matters. That has recently happened to me, and for some reason there popped into my thought an old story called "The Cat and the Cherub." It was written by one *Chester Bailey Fernald.* As I remember it, it was a perfect ace of a story, about a little Chinese boy in San Francisco. So when I got to the office the next day I looked Fernald up in Baker & Packman's "Guide to the Best Fiction," and this is what I found:

> FERNALD, Chester Bailey [American; b. 1869] *The Cat and the Cherub* and other stories. 1896
>
> The Chinese of San Francisco are the amusing subject of these tales, which differ widely from those of C. W. Doyle. The author enters with interest and real sympathy into the curious workings of the Celestial mind. [Century Co., New York: o. p.; sub tit. *Chinatown Stories,* Heinemann: o. p.]—*Under the Jackstaff.* Eleven stories of the sea told by an Irish man-o'-war's man; some mysterious, all of them powerful. [Century Co., New York: o. p.]

The recurrent "o. p.," as you can readily guess, means "out of print." I wonder whether *Mrs. Pearl Buck* has ever seen Fernald's Chinatown stories? I wonder whether the Century Company will ever try to revive interest in them? I wonder what has *become* of Fernald? I wish I had a copy of "Under the Jackstaff"! Apparently, if still in the land of the living, Fernald is now sixty-four, and I think he ought to have a medal or something. "The Cat and the Cherub," I remember, contained one most delicious attempt of the little China boy to recite the following remarkable doggerel:

There was a little boy
And he wasn't very bright,
And he couldn't tell his left
From his right hand;
So he chewed his dexter paw,
Till the skin was red and raw,
To remember that the right was
the "bite" hand.

If anybody who reads this knows anything much about Fernald he can join my Fernald Club, consisting at this writing solely of myself. And I do wish I could read what that Irish man-o'-war's man had to say!

STAR CONTRIBUTIONS

Another matter I woke up thinking about was a letter the *Saturday Review* had received from one *Henry Tracy*, in which he gave voice to something that had haunted him for months. As a subscriber he has frequently wished that he could procure a dozen copies or so of some particular contribution to the *Review* that has struck him as unusually outstanding; that is, without buying a lot of complete issues. He would like to see that contribution separated out as a tract and available to those who wished to buy and scatter around a number of them. He says further:

> If those readers who are at all inflammable to such sparks and tend to ignite under them were, from time to time, to send in the name or description of the item that brought them into a glow, a list might be collected. At the close of the year those editorials, criticisms, column-hits, or special contributions that have received a preferential vote—or a selection of them—might be reproduced in a special number; assuming that subscribers were willing to pay the added cost and that a sufficient order were placed in advance to support such publication. If such a special number were to be printed in miniature, so as to slip easily into a small manila cover, many would find use for them who would not otherwise make the effort required for remailing. One might (he adds) with perfect probity hand or mail to such a friend a copy of the special issue containing some high points, not merely of criticism but of social comment and humor.

Mr. Tracy himself names, as an example of the sort of contribution he has in mind, *Margaret Widdemer's* "Message and Middlebrow," which appeared in our February 18th issue. Then there was a contribution of more recent date, by *I. A. Richards*, "striking like a battering ram on the wall that stupidity has built to fortify dull teaching of English." As to Mr. Tracy's suggestion in general, as I tossed on my pillow toward dawn, it seemed to me a darn good one. So I'll tell you what we'll do. Let interested subscribers look through their *Saturday Review* files, within the last five years, let us say, pick out any essay, editorial, poetry criticism, review of any kind, leading article, or humorous fandango that especially appeals to them—and let me know the result of the pickings! If there are enough returns I shall start printing a list of the favored contributions, and we may eventually be able to do something more concerning Mr. Tracy's idea.

NEW POETRY MAGAZINES

Mr. *Robert O. Erisman*, of 66 Summer Street, Buffalo, N. Y. (*and well do I remember Summer Street, as, in my youth, it was just off Summer Street that a lot of us boys used to play polo on bicycles, with the mallets cut down and inherited by certain lucky youngsters from their big brothers who happened to be real polo players!*), well, anyway, Mr. Erisman says that he and *Adele Japha* (*Glad it's not Jephtha, for then she'd be Jephtha's daughter!*) are starting *Tone*, which is a magazine of verse "born of dissatisfaction with anthologies. It wants poems neither consciously serious nor consciously amusing nor consciously beautiful. It wants poems quintessentially exact—like Proust's prose, which is in reality the best poetry ever written." And *Tone* goes on to say that they have actually found twenty such poems! So as soon and as often as possible they are going to issue their little magazine. It will be twenty-five cents a copy. Contributors positively *must* furnish return postage!

That statement about Proust's prose being the best kind of poetry is, to me, a surprising one. I wonder what others think? As to poetry magazines, I wish immediately to spread the good news that that admirable poet, *Frances Frost*, is now editor of the new monthly magazine of verse, *American Poetry Journal*, at 147-45 Ash Avenue, Flushing, L. I., N. Y. Books of superior poetry will be reviewed in it by the editor. The subscription rate is two dollars a year starting with the first issue, or two-fifty a year starting with the second issue. Knowing Frances quite well, I can assure you that she is bound to get out a good magazine.

THAT OFFICE SIGN

My old friend, *Dale Warren*, of Houghton Mifflin, has made a suggestion concerning the sign I said I was going to put up on the door of the office of The Phœnix Nest. His suggestion is: THE PHŒNIX NEST: Lay Your Eggs Here.*

* *Cuckoos always use another bird's nest!*

I'm afraid though that to suggest that my contributors were "cuckoo" would be a fatal mistake!

DACHSHUNDS, DACHSHUNDS, DACHSHUNDS!

I wish I could reproduce the recent card that came from *Florence Ryerson* and *Colin Clements*, showing a picture of the return of *Frau Freda von Schattenhof*, that estimable dachshund whose nuptials were recently celebrated in these columns; but its pencil and crayon will not reproduce very well. At any rate, Frau von Schattenhof *has* returned, presenting to her master and mistress four new and diminutive dachshunds born on May 8th. Their temporary titles are (superb!) *Eenie, Meenie, Minie,* and—*Mo!*

New Macmillan Fiction

Great Winds
By ERNEST POOLE
A novel of the current scene by the author of "*The Harbor.*" From watching the winds of change abroad affecting all the homes of the world, John Blake returns to New Hampshire and sees his own home meet the onslaught of the storm. $2.00

The Witch's Cauldron
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS
A singularly fascinating murder mystery with the central character a strong-willed woman who kills deliberately to insure her son's future. This is the second of the Avis Bryden trilogy which began with *Bred In The Bone*, but is complete in itself. $2.00

AS THE EARTH TURNS
By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL
Heading best seller lists everywhere within one week of publication, *because:*
"It is the best American novel I have read in ten years!"
—Ted Robinson, *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
"It is everything for which fiction readers have been clamoring."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*
$2.50

—and Poetry

Collected Verse
of LEWIS CARROLL
In addition to three poems hitherto unpublished, this volume contains all the verses from Carroll's various works, with their original illustrations. $2.50

Proud Horns
By CARLETON DREWRY
Sensitiveness and feeling, in diction that is fresh and vivid, makes this first book of verse by Mr. Drewry an important event. $1.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Another Letter about HUMAN BEING

A few weeks ago we printed in the *New York Evening Post* a rather remarkable letter that Edna Ferber wrote us about Christopher Morley's novel HUMAN BEING. We have continued to receive remarkable letters about this book. Yesterday's mail brought us this one from F. Tennyson Jesse, author of "*Tom Fool*", "*The Lacquer Lady*", who, when reader for William Heinemann, Ltd. was the discoverer of Clemence Dane and many others.

F. Tennyson Jesse maintains a great interest in American books and good books anywhere. She writes:

P.P.S. Oh, I forget what I really wanted to write about, which was the new Christopher Morley. What a superb achievement. He has indeed caught "a human being in the very act of being human", and has avoided the "chemical preservatives"

The attack of this book and the impact that it makes! He is the only man besides Conrad who uses not only the oblique method of narration but the double oblique and gets away with it. One gets to know Richard Roe as Hubbard is shown getting to know Richard by the dexterous removing of coating after coating until one arrives at the heart. The idea is brilliant, so brilliant that one would be apt to imagine the technical difficulties almost impossible to overcome but technical difficulties to Christopher Morley apparently do not exist except as an incitement.

Read again pages 60, 61, and 62, in fact the whole of that chapter and realize that no one has got nearer the bone. The meeting of Lucille with Minnie on page 215 and Richard's relief that Minnie is looking plain is superb, so are pages 233 and 234. However, I could go on like this forever. The cold clear hard thinking of the book is such a joy in these days of sloppy thought which is not thought at all.

What amazes me is that he should be one of the most popular writers. I can only conclude (and the popularity of Sinclair Lewis leads me to the same conclusion) that people would sooner be shown up for what they are than not be written about at all... Morley's people are just people who happen to find themselves in these circumstances. Oh Lord, what a lovely book!

May we again tell you that if you have missed reading this book you have missed one of the most significant books of the last few years?

HUMAN BEING by Christopher Morley
At bookstores $2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

MERMAIDS ARE ONLY HUMAN
They need time to effect a change of address on your subscription. But give them THREE WEEKS notice and you won't miss a copy of THE SATURDAY REVIEW this summer.
THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A JOHN DAY Item

The New Russia:
Between the First and Second Five-Year Plans
Edited by JEROME DAVIS

"Not since the first days of the red revolution has so complete, so impartial and so informative a volume been presented to the American reader." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $2.50

The Publishers cordially invite your patronage and your correspondence on matters of mutual interest. Their recent catalogue of books will be sent upon request.
JOHN DAY BOOKS *from your bookseller, or 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.*

The MONSTROUS best-seller!
THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS
by GUY ENDORE
6th large printing-$2-F&R

200 unpublished letters—an invaluable Browning item
LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING
COLLECTED BY THOMAS J. WISE
Edited with an Introduction and notes by Thurman L. Hood
Illustrated $5.00
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

AROUND the CORNER
A Novel of American Youth
"After Galsworthy's manner."—*Baltimore Sun.* "A realistic tale." — *Harry Hansen.* "A large hearted novel."—*New York Times.* "An interesting story."—*Boston Transcript.*
By Arthur Pound $2.50 SEARS

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

ONE by one my dreams come true, and they are not like Mr. Vallee's either. For years I have meant someday to visit Chapel Hill, and see whether I was right in believing, as I have long believed from a study of its publications and their distribution, that the work of the University of North Carolina was more directly correlated with the life and cultural development of its state than that of any other state University. I have just returned from such a visit with this belief strengthened by experience.

Ever since the appearance of the first volume of "Carolina Folk Plays" (three have come from Holt and one from Samuel French) I have followed from afar the career of this creative enterprise of Dr. Frederick Koch and his fellow-workers, confident that in such work as that of the Carolina Playmakers we have some of the most important root material for the growth of a distinctive American school of playwriting—using the adjective as we do for Irish or Russian drama. Ever since the Extension Bulletins of the University began to provide pamphlets for women's clubs, in which a program of study with all necessary books suggested may be bought for fifty cents (and if you are a resident of the State they will send you the books too) I have been recommending the work of this highly efficient agency, and continually, though indirectly, cooperating with it. I have greeted with delight the works of Professor Howard W. Odum, especially his books on the work songs of negroes, a subject up my alley, and as a folksong collector now welcome with enthusiasm Professor G. P. Jackson's "White Spirituals in the Southern Highlands," the latest and one of the best contributions America has made to this subject. These are but glancing impromptu references to works from a source not popularly considered popular — a university press. I have a well-founded respect for the judgments of Miss Nora Beust, assistant professor of Children's Literature, an authority at once widely informed and beautifully open-minded. And I had been reading the works of Archibald Henderson on the changing drama before he concentrated on putting George Bernard Shaw in his place.

It will thus be seen that I knew a number of the faculty, and I have now given them their first chance to know me, by making that pilgrimage. Why did no one tell me that Spring begins there in February, and that I should close my eyes on leaves no larger than a kitten's ear and open them on full-blown roses? Or that something is in full bloom every month of the year on the campus, and apparently everything at once just now? Or that signs say everywhere "Garden Open," and the gardens spill over in color and perfume till a motor on the way to the one brief business street rides on waves of Summer? The Playmakers Theatre, once the colonial library and capable a hundred years ago of being turned into a ballroom at need, is now turned into a model playhouse, yet keeps its colonial outside and its old columns with capitals using American grains instead of Greek vegetation. The press looks out on crowding trees; so does everything on the campus. And the University is not all there is in Chapel Hill. There was a May party going on at the local public school, and for the first time in all my life I watched a band of babies wind a May Pole without getting it snarled up. "Pearly Gates" came to the hospitable auditorium, a negro morality play on the model of the naive entertainments of old times, taken about to Southern cities by colored students of Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary. It is the sort of source material from which art forms such as "Green Pastures" and "Run Little Chillun" derive, honest as carvings on the Judgment doors of medieval cathedrals and breaking constantly and spontaneously into heavenly song. Also there was an actor in the important part of the Devil, who made Percy Mackaye, visiting Archibald Henderson, rush behind the scenes with his host and tell him he was better than Irving in the character, and I believe that in Louis Hickman the Negro stage has the possibilities of one of its greatest actors.

It will be seen that I had a busy time at Chapel Hill.

M. H., Stanford University, asks if a book has just been written about Lord Cochrane. The only book I have found is "Cochrane the Unconquerable," by two navy men, A. B. Turnbull and N. R. Van Der Veer (Century); the former wrote the life of Commodore Porter. But this book was published in 1929, and I would be glad to know of later works for this student. *Also H. Du P. C., University of Pennsylvania,* would be glad to hear from anyone "who might have had the peculiar turn of mind to remember three poems: 'There was a Lady Loved a Pig,' 'Ping Wing the Pieman's Song,' and 'Old Stacomack the Medicine Man.'" They came out in pamphlet form somewhere around 1875, and if he could find where these pamphlets might be procured—or even the words out of someone's memory, he would be gratified. *And F. J. R., New York, asks if I ever heard of a book,* or *perhaps a short story,* about the life of river people along the Wabash and the Ohio, where they work at musseldigging and sell the shells to button factories. I told him I had not, but would ask who's got the button.

W. W. R., Yakima, Wash., asked where to get Hamlin Garland's poem "What Shall I do to be Just," which she cannot find in any anthology at her disposal. Mr. Garland, to whom I went for first-hand information, says: "I can only say that I have just given permission for the use of this poem in a syndicate of religious weeklies. It has been going about the reform journals for many years, but the book from which it is taken, 'Prairie Song,' has been out of print for many years. Even now I cannot recall the name of the organization which is to use the poem, but it is a Nashville house and your friend may see it soon."

Reports from doll collections continue to arrive: *Julia A. Robinson, Executive Secretary of Iowa's Library Extension, Des Moines,* says that she will send the list of her doll books, including several not mentioned in these columns, to *A. D. B., Newtonville, Mass.,* and as I am to spend June in England, I print the address that A. D. B. may use it. Miss Robinson has a collection of something over two hundred dolls, with some fifty books about them. *A. H. S., Bloomfield N. J.,* adds to the latter "Grandmother's Doll," by Elizabeth Gladwin Bouton, published by Duffield in 1931, and the selection of the Children's Book League for that year. It is the diary of Araminta, an aristocrat of the Victorian era, who has unusual experiences in spite of her superior environment.

Coming June 26th

ANTHONY ADVERSE
by HERVEY ALLEN

Originally planned for publication on May 22nd, Hervey Allen's novel, ANTHONY ADVERSE, has since become a book-club choice for July; publication has therefore been advanced to June 26th. The first review of ANTHONY ADVERSE we have seen will appear in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June. We have permission to quote briefly from it: "A novel symphonic in plan, international in scope, universal in implication . . . I am unable to think of a novel that ranges so far and yet is so solidly observed or imagined in every part, or one that more perfectly combines the freedom and charm of romance with the sense of fact of realism."

¶ Orders should be placed with booksellers now to insure your obtaining copies of the first trade edition at $3.00, or the limited three-volume, signed and numbered edition at $15.00.

FARRAR & RINEHART
9 East 41st Street, New York 128 University Ave., Toronto

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 619)

A. Daly, Alois F. Kovarik, and Robert H. Goddard for advice and guidance.

Mr. Garbedian has striven hard to make his work not only intensely interesting to read, but authoritative and grammatical as well. Without adopting the baby talk so many scientific popularizers fancy they must use, without attempting to rear and defend prejudiced theses, and without resort to cheap sensationalism at the expense of accuracy and detached objectivity, he has produced a book of which he has every right to be proud. If there were now only some way to persuade the public to read and be guided by such books Utopia would be at hand. That remains, however, among the many unsolved problems of American education and may respectfully be referred to Mr. Mencken who would rather destroy than reform that system of education we now so painfully seek to sustain through a period of devastating depression.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Fielding's Theory of the Novel. F. O. Bissel. Cornell Univ. Pr. $1. *Wordsworth and Reed.* Ed. L. N. Broughton. Cornell Univ. Pr. $3. *A Few Remarks.* E. E. Brown. N. Y. Univ. Pr. $2. *My American Friends.* L. P. Jacks. Macmil. $2. *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt.* Vols. 16 and 17. Ed. P. H. Howe. London. Dent. $5. *Letters of Robert Browning.* Collected by J. Wise. Ed. T. L. Flood. Yale Univ. Pr. $5.

BIOGRAPHY

William Bartram. N. B. Fagin. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.25. *Land of the Spotted Eagle.* Chief Standing Bear. Hought. Mif. $3. *No Time Like the Present.* S. Jameson. Knopf. $2.25 net. *Wallace Clement Sabine.* W. D. Orcutt. Boston: Plimpton Pr. $5. *Julia Newberry's Diary.* Nort. $2.50. *Metternich,* A. Cecil. Macmil. $2.75. *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain.* J. L. Garvin. Vol. II. Macmil.

EDUCATION

Saint Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum. Ed. E. A. Fitzpatrick. McGraw-Hill.

FICTION

Murder at the World's Fair. M. Plum. Harp. $2. *A Case for Mr. Paul Savoy.* J. Gregory. Scrib. $2. *Danger Range.* W. Gray. Bobbs-Mer. $2. *Cocaine.* Pitigrilli. Greenberg. $2. *Evelyn Prentice.* W. E. Woodward. Knopf. $2.25. *Men of Good Will.* J. Romains. Knopf. $2.50 net. *The Bridge of Dreams.* Lady Murusaki. Hought. Mif. $3.50. *Obelists at Sea.* C. D. King. Knopf. $2. *Weeping Cross.* H. L. Stuart. Dial. $2. *Romance Island.* F. S. Wees. Macrae-Smith. $2. *Cosmopolis.* R. Croft-Cooke. Dial. $2. *The Crime Club Golden Book of Best Detective Stories.* Crime Cl. $2. *My Daughter Bernadette.* F. Jammes. Boston: Humphries. $2.50. *The Martyr.* Liam O'Flaherty. Macmil. $2. *Aphrodite.* P. Louys. Mod. Lib. 95 cents. *Dr. Gion.* H. Carossa. Ballou, 2 West 13th St., N. Y. $2.

FOREIGN

Vingtième Siècle. R. Michaud. Harpers.

HISTORY

The White Armies of Russia. G. Stewart. Macmil. $4. *Manor Life in Old France.* K. Fedden. Columbia Univ. Pr. $3.

INTERNATIONAL

The League of Nations in Theory and Practice. C. K. Webster and S. Herbert. Hought. Mif. $2.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

The New Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language. S. Cody. Put. 6 vols. $4. *The Engineer's Manual of English.* W. O. Sypherd and S. Brown. Scott, Foresman. $2. *Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce.* Ed. C. Hartshorne and P. Weiss. Vol. III. Exact Logic. Harv. Univ. Pr. $5. *From Pharaoh to Hitler.* B. J. Brown. $2. *Lilacs in My Garden.* A. Harding. Macmil. $1.50. *Foreign Investments in China.* C. F. Remer. Macmil. $5. *Picturesque Word Origins.* From Webster's New International Dictionary. Merriam. *General Principles of Human Reflexology.* V. M. Bechterev. International Pub. $5. *One Day with Manu.* A. Sperry. Winston. $2. *Better Tennis.* H. H. Wightman. Houghton. $1.75. *Insecurity.* A. Epstein. Smith & Haas. $4. *The Conquest of the South Pole.* J. G. Hayes. Macmil. $3.50.

PAMPHLETS

Some Plain Speaking with Regard to the Chinese-Japanese Situation. S. A. Sze. Furst. 12 Hopkins Pl., Baltimore.

POETRY

We Gather Strength. By H. Spector, J. Kalar, E. Rolfe, and S. Funaroff. Liberal Pr., 410 Lafayette St., N. Y. C. *Rhapsodies in Red.* S. A. De Witt. Rand School. *Tomorrow's Tide.* C. Bruce. Macmil. $1.50. *Brittons Bowre of Delights* (1591). Ed. H. E. Rollins. Harv. Univ. Pr. $4.

RELIGION

Daily Bible Studies. F. W. Tomkins. Morehouse. $1.50. *The True Christian Religion.* E. Swedenborg. Everyman's Library. Dut. 70 cents.

SCIENCE

Geology of Connecticut. T. A. Cook. Hartford: Bond Press.

WHO made the FIRST....
Famous First Facts
—soda fountain?
—motorcycle?
—rayon factory?
—etc., etc., in U. S.
—and WHERE,
—and WHEN?
A Record of the First Happenings, Discoveries and Inventions in the U. S. by *Joseph Nathan Kane.* Cloth bound. 757 Pages. Illustrated. $3.50 Postpaid.
FOR the *first time* you can find the answers to these questions and nearly 2,500 others in this remarkable book. "More fascinating than the dictionary...something new. Everything from (A) first abdominal operation to (Z) first zinc sheetmill."—*N.Y. Times.*
H. W. WILSON CO., 950-72 University Ave., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your lists. 15 Ann Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue. New York.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS OR COIN FOR third section of ALONG THE NORTH WALL, a discursive catalogue of first editions. Argus Book Shop, 333 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. New Catalogue ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books in stock." Mail orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA S. PENDLETON—Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARKET ANALYSIS OF manuscripts without fee. Send for list of demand material. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

PRINTS

FLOWER AND FASHION PRINTS, lithographs and hand colored, all over fifty years old. For lamp shades, screens, decoration or framing. Send $1.00 for assortment of ten, all in brilliant color. Satisfaction or money cheerfully returned. OXFORD BOOK SHOP, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WANTED

LITERARY AGENT, well-introduced with publishers and Universities, wanted by author-translator. Six languages. Commission basis. Write to Dr. Cimino, Markneukirchen, Saxony, Germany.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Graphic Arts

GRAPHIC ARTS: A Selection of Articles from the 14th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. (Britannica Booklets No. 4.) New York. 1933. $3.50.

FROM the latest edition of the Britannica, the publishers have reprinted those articles which can be grouped under the head of Graphic Arts, that is, Drawing of various kinds, the hand and photomechanical Reproduction Processes, Typography, Photography, etc. Six color plates and sixty-four black-and-white plates are included. There is no index, but the book contains a table of contents and a list of illustrations.

For those who have had frequent occasion to consult the Encyclopædia for its information about graphic processes, this one hundred page volume of reprints will be extremely useful and convenient. The form and shape and size of type is that of the parent work, and the printing is equal to the original. As a brief and general account of the graphic arts there is perhaps nothing better, since the illustrations are copious and the writers are competent authorities. R.

The Colophon

THE current issue of the *Colophon* is the thirteenth issue of this book collectors' quarterly, beginning the fourth year of publication. The cover and the contents page are a bit hectic, as befits America in the spring of 1933, but they carry out the intention of the quarterly to display all varieties of typography style, without adherence to any for longer than seems desirable. The designs are by John Atherton.

The printing of the various sections has been done by the Ashlar Press, the Alcuin Press (England), Printype, Inc., the Walpole Printing Office, and the Pynson Printers. The most complicated work is that of the Ashlar Press, with an ingenious arrangement of the notes within rules on the inside of the page. There is, as usual, some straining after effect in all of the printing, which does not make for restful reading—but after all the *Colophon* is intended to give the printer a chance to display his ingenuity as well as to allow the writer to exploit his ideas!

The contents include an article on "Carmina Figurata and the Aldine Theocritus," by Miss Lucy E. Osborne of the Chapin Library at Williams College; "Walt Whitman's Visit to the Shakers," by Emory Holloway; "The Iniquity of Oblivion Foil'd," by John Carter; "Diamonds in the Rough," a letter by Mark Twain hitherto unpublished save in small part, from the collection of Irving S. Underhill; a bibliographical account of the "Cherokee Press," of New Echota, Georgia (established in 1828), by Althea Bass; a gossipy account by Hogarth, Jr., of his intimate friend Rockwell Kent; "'Antique' Smith and His Forgeries of Robert Burns," by J. DeLancey Ferguson; and a competent if not too important wood engraving by Emil Ganso.

The *Colophon* has come to have a place for itself on the border line between magazines devoted to printing and those given over to consideration of literary topics. It gathers in the course of the year a considerable miscellany of essays on bookish topics, as well as interesting examples of current typographic styles. It should be in all libraries, public and private. R.

Goudy

THE STORY OF THE VILLAGE TYPE. By Its Designer, FREDERIC W. GOUDY. New York: Press of the Woolly Whale. 1933.

THE Village Type was a face of type designed by Mr. Goudy in 1903 for a Chicago firm of clothing manufacturers, as a private font. It was Mr. Goudy's first well-known face, though numbered Eight in the list of his fonts. It shows the influence of the English school of type reformers of the 'nineties, and looks today a bit archaic. And yet, with all its small mannerisms, it is still a distinguished type face, and with all due respect to its designer, and his fourscore later designs, it is much superior to many which have come later. It is vigorous, original, uncompromising. It composes well and prints well. It has become outmoded by more sophisticated and cosmopolitan types, but it makes a brave showing in the two preliminary pages of Mr. Cary's introduction.

The book is a history of the designing and of the fate of the type, told by its "onlie begetter," and in Mr. Goudy's usual straightforward style. To the story is appended a list of eighty-seven new or remodeled type faces designed between the years 1896 and 1932—a truly remarkable output for one man's partial lifetime. Many of these faces have been outstanding successes in sales and in use for books and commercial printing.

The book has been printed in Goudy types by the press of the Woolly Whale, and bound in black paper boards with paper label. For the American Institute of Graphic Arts 450 copies have been printed: there are 200 additional copies on Arnold paper for private distribution, with one page of additional information. Such monographs are useful and important contributions. R.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH ON THE LIMITED *Roger Denbie* (Morrow: $2.)	"Is there a doctor present" breaks up sleeping car bridge game and introduces clever Dr. Pace, also corpse that looks suicidal but ain't.	Ingenious yarn, ranking high in "smash those alibis" class with much action in 22 hr. scope, good sub-plot, and plausible deduction.	Read it
THE SILVER BAR MYSTERY *W.C. Tuttle* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Johnny Wells and Goober Glendon, cowpuncher pals, run slap into a mess of murder and mystery at Star-A ranch.	An A-1 "Western," with authentic decorations, rather than a detective story, but with thrills enough to please most captious.	Good
MURDER AT THE WORLD'S FAIR *Mary Plum* (Harpers: $2.)	Mysterious "clerk," with face of "brutal power," is stabbed in foreign exhibit at Chicago's '33 Fair, and self-effacing John Smith starts deducting.	Jewel robbery, kidnapping, noble Russian emigrés, and Soviet villains all stirred up with pungent World Fair Seasoning and adequate sleuthing, also dash romance.	Exciting
BAXTER'S SECOND DEATH *Ian Greig* (Kinsey & Co.: $2.)	War time Enoch Arden returns, meets wife (married again), is killed at her feet, and the wheels of Justice creak.	Jealousy, blackmail, and murder mixed not very dextrously in tale chiefly remarkable for its naïve style.	Under par
HANGING WATERS *Keith West* (Putnams: $2.)	Assorted and brutal crimes of Chinese "bandit-woman" involve three lovable adolescents and philosopher-detective Kung.	*Roman polizier à la Chinoise* reveals Celestial cleverness and flowery language with authentic background.	Exotic
OBELISTS AT SEA *C. Daly King* (Knopf: $2.)	Murders on liner agitate cerebral convolutions of four psychologists, none of whom solves crime despite interesting experiments.	Ignoring silly names of characters and superfluous impedimenta one finds cleverly done yarn. ("Obelists" are "those who harbor suspicions.")	Very good

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: blueberry pie, new peas, lobster; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

CAPE COD, Chatham, Mass. Summer home to rent June 15 through Labor Day. On hillside overlooking ocean, Monomoy, Nantucket Sound; an acre of ground sloping to the water. 4 bedrooms, maid's room, 2 baths; electric lighting, cooking, refrigeration; fireplaces, garage, private beach. Ocean or still water bathing. Boating and other sports available. Owners going abroad. Address K., Box 1861, New Haven, Conn.

RENT—Gem of a cottage in beautiful Poconoes. Hotel colony. Furnished. Living-room, dining-room, kitchen, porches, laundry, garage. Six bedrooms, sleeping-porch, two baths, lavatory, toilet. Photographs. R. E. S., *Saturday Review.*

WELLESLEY, MASS.—Moderate rental summer season or longer. 5 bed rooms, 3 acres, near college and lake. Library of particular interest. Inquire: c/o Rollins, The Homestead.

SALE—Small stone house in excellent condition, barn, six acres, on hilltop near artists colony. Microscopic price. Watson Roberts, New Hope, Pa.

COUNTRY in New York City—To rent for the summer, comfortable, quiet seven-room house, Riverdale; tennis courts, screened porch. Tel. KIngsbridge 6-2937.

SECOND EUROPEAN "traveling companionship" wanted—and how! Milo.

ITALIAN-SPEAKING family wanted, who will tolerate young lady boarder, student of Italian, during August. Box 163.

FOR RENT furnished July, August, and September if desired, charming three and one half room outside apartment in Scarsdale. South breeze, beautiful green lawn, trees. Maid service available. Box 164.

FOR BOARD and Lodgings—Refined gentleman (37) will work at anything, chauffeur, etc. Box 165.

PARTNER (male or female) wanted; establish with young experienced gentleman printing, publishing, book-selling enterprise, New England farm. Very small capital, courage, congeniality requirements. Confidential. Write John Caslon, 37 Sherman Avenue, Yonkers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the incompetents

by

R. E. SPENCER

The new novel by the author of *The Lady Who Came To Stay*, one of the most highly praised novels of 1931 and listed by William Lyon Phelps among the "ten best books" of that year.

● John Cowper Powys writes: "I have read *The Incompetents* with the utmost interest and delight. . . It is a triumph . . . the kind of book you cannot stop reading till you've finished it . . . carries your interest breathlessly along from point to point and stage to stage just as a tale of adventure does."

● William Soskin writes in the *New York Evening Post:* "A patrician novel. . . . The clearly distilled substance of his story, the careful polish of the essential details involved in his character studies, the meticulous care with which he has reduced all situations to their pertinent factors, all testify to the patrician nature of this writer's art."

$2.35 At All Bookstores

NOTE: *The Lady Who Came To Stay* is now in a $1.00 edition.

ALFRED · A · KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue · New York

A. E. HOUSMAN

The Name and Nature of Poetry

May 31 $1 Macmillan

Willow Pattern Mystery

A waterfall, pale and lovely in the dusk—a dishevelled bed revealing horror in the dawn—little Ming So sees them both in this gossamer tale of Oriental crime, told with knife-edge subtlety and biting humor. Something completely new in mystery stories.

By KEITH WEST

HANGING WATERS

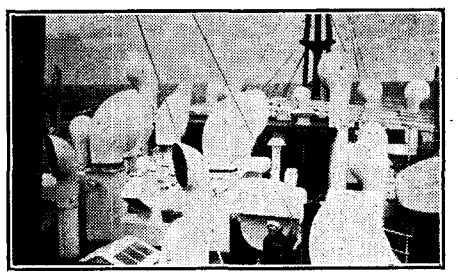
$2

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Our favorite funnel-and-ventilator artist, Mr. W. S. Hall, whose marine water colors have been handsomely shown in this department, has lately returned from a month in Haiti, of which he tells us agreeable stories. ☞One item in particular is curious: that in Port-au-Prince, a town of 100,000 or thereabouts, there is no bookshop. ☞On board S.S. *Haiti,* of the Columbian Line, Mr. Hall took a photograph of all ventilators turned to catch the Trade Wind; this Old Quercus reproduces as symbolic of our doldrum traffic.



☞And now we hear the interesting news that Mr. Hall is joining in business with Mr. Henry M. Snyder, the well known Oriental representative of many American publishers. Book sales in Japan, China, Philippines and Hawaii are steadily growing and we wish the Snyder-Hall combination increasing fortune in this most fascinating field of trade.

☞Old Receptive Quercus has been having an industrious orgy with publishers' news notes. Putnam's contribute a statement from Cornelia Penfield, author of *After the Deacon Was Murdered,* on mystery novels vs. sex stories: "There are readers who are a little weary of the Facts of Life and prefer a good clean murder. There are so many ways of committing a murder and only one way to have a baby." Which may or may not be begging the question. ☞Also from Putnams comes the announcement of Dr. Sherwin Cody's six-volume opus, *The New Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language,* explaining how the rules of grammar may be broken as a sign of sophistication, not of ignorance. Dr. Cody quotes an editorial of Mr. Canby's "as an example of American style today. It is as direct and vigorous as Mark Twain, with the same easy, colloquial language, but without Mark Twain's natural flexibility and grace." This is a delightful tribute to the appropriateness of Quercus's letterhead, in which Mr. Canby and Mark Twain (among other literary figures) are shown persuading the hesitant subscriber to cross the dotted line.

☞From E. P. Dutton and Co. comes the best publicity of the season, a collection of publishing stories from *At John Murray's,* which Old Careful Quercus is reluctant to print without a copy of the book to check with. ☞Also the welcome information that the price of Everyman's Library has been reduced to 70 cents a volume. ☞A less famous reprint library, The Macy Classics, published at $1.98, was recently on sale at Macy's business book counter at 47 cents a volume. But that's different.

☞The Crime Club celebrated its fifth anniversary May 26. Old Quercus, who distinctly remembers that the first Crime Club book, by Kay Cleaver Strahan, was published in April, '28, wonders if Mastermind has adopted the 13-month calendar.

☞Quercus is glad to see that the New York papers are giving a big hand to the Hop Light Ladies, an enterprising organization of women without income but with various bright ideas to create employment for themselves. One of the ideas is for Open Air Book Marts, bright-colored movable stands holding upwards of 100 books. These will decorate the parks of New York City, from Washington Square to Morningside Heights. The Hop Light Ladies will sell only second-hand books, avoiding competition with regular bookstores. Since the venture has the benefit of advice from Frederic G. Melcher—long an enthusiast for open-air book-selling—it has every opportunity for success in New York and emulation elsewhere.

☞It must be a record of some sort when the ads for a book beat the book at its own game. The Viking Press campaign on *In One Ear* has amused Quercus even more than Frank Sullivan ever managed to do.

☞Kerekes' famous German bookstore (East 86, near 3rd Avenue, in the heart of *Yorkville*) has been selling a lot of Hans Fallada's *Kleiner Mann, Was Nun?* ☞I like the story of Herr Fallada (a very quiet modest fellow) going out to lunch in Berlin with his American publisher. "Do you suppose," he said, "it would be all right if we had some really good wine? It's a long time since I had a real vintage." ☞Curious collectors will find some interesting variations among the different editions of *Little Man, What Now?* It was twice translated, once from German into English, then from English into American. ☞A very steady seller is Hornibrook's *Culture of the Abdomen,* now in its 8th printing ($2.00). ☞One form of literature in which we are extremely choosy is detective stories. *The Loose Rib* by Austen Allen, published by H. C. Kinsey, is exceptionally good. Also, which is genuinely remarkable, it has a jacket which is cleverly and subtly tied up with the crux of the story. ☞*The Sapphire,* by A. E. W. Mason (Doubleday, $2.00), is a fine yarn by an experienced hand. Burma forests, the Irrawaddy River, Moulmein, and pagodas, and all the color of Kipling's famous song—and a superb sapphire, a rascally steamboat captain who turns Buddhist monk, mystery, and a love story—this is full value in entertainment. Ho for the Irrawaddy, which was never real to this reader before.

☞This week Old Calculating Quercus and a corps of assistant statisticians produce the Trade Winds Turn Table, a mathematical game of their own invention. The box score underneath this paragraph represents their informal opinion of some of the high spots of the spring publishing season. The figures are on a scale of 10; the first three columns give the author's batting average, the last three the publisher's. It is called a turn table not because it calls the turn, but because you have to turn it to read the headings, which, Quercus hopes, are self-explanatory. (Realization of possibilities means whether or not the author's abilities are fully represented.)

TRADE WINDS TURN TABLE

(By QUERCUS ASSOCIATES)

Title and Author	*Author's Score*			*Publisher's Score*		
	Popular Appeal	Permanent Value	Realization of Possibilities	Format and Jacket	Advertising and Publicity	Sales Effort
ANN VICKERS *Sinclair Lewis*	7	5	7	8	9	10
THE LAST ADAM *James Gould Cozzens*	7	6	9	8	6	8
SOUTH MOON UNDER *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*	5	5	9	4	3	3
100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS *Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink*	8	7	9	5	9	8
MARIE ANTOINETTE *Stefan Zweig*	9	8	10	7	7	7
BRITISH AGENT *Bruce Lockhart*	8	7	10	5	4	5
ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD—*Shaw*	2	2	1	10	3	4
THE HOUSE OF EXILE *Nora Waln*	7	7	9	7	8	8
AS THE EARTH TURNS *Gladys Hasty Carroll*	6	6	9	8	8	9

"Even better than ONCE A GRAND DUKE" — *says Lewis Gannett in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.**

ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE

the intimate, later memoirs of

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER

*Some other reviews which say the same thing: "As lively and engrossing as its predecessor of similar title."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* "Alexander is at his best in this book."—*William Soskin, Post.* "Like it's predecessor, 'Always a Grand Duke' is filled with the amusing anecdote of personal contact with the great and the well known."—*Herald Tribune "Books."* "A great story . . . filled with his gay, sardonic laughter."—*Harry Hansen, World-Telegram.*

4th large printing—Illustrated, $3

FARRAR & RINEHART

MODERN ITALY *by* GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN *has just been published by the* PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS.—"*At last,*" *says the New York Sun, "an intelligent book about Italy, by an American . . . a calm, dispassionate, reasoned view of Italy under Mussolini." The price of the book is* $3.00.

When Courtiers Vied With Merchant Princes for the "Enchanted Isles"

The Adventurers of Bermuda

By HENRY WILKINSON

Brilliant, amusing, exciting—is this account of Bermuda in the 17th century. Travellers will revel in it, so will those who enjoy history's out-of-the-way romances. $4.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The necklace scandal

which shook all France is one of the many dramatic incidents upon which Stefan Zweig turns the light of new found facts in his great biography . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE

63rd Thousand · Viking · $3.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED